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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Zillah; a Tale of the Holy City. By the Author of "Brambletye House." 12mo. 4 vols. London, 1828. Colburn.

MANY a morning of patient investigation—many an evening lengthened into midnight—many an old record of former times—many a ponderous volume dwelt upon "till the spirit was subdued to what it worked in"—many an hour's hard reading, as only antiquaries can read, must these volumes have cost their indefatigable writer. The dresses and dishes—the Temple and the market-place—the thousand little observances of social life, its fashions and follies, paintings and perfumes, are described with the minuteness of an eye-witness—a curious, hearing, listening, seeing eye-witness. We can scarcely speak of *Zillah* as a novel—though its love-affairs, its hairbreadth scapes, &c. are enough to attract its young lady-readers—but as an animated picture-gallery, whose colouring is from one of the most gorgeous periods of antiquity; and we must say Mr. Smith has collected a mass of *matériel* which an historian might be proud to set forth. But let our readers judge for themselves.

A Jewish Court-Dress.—"She accordingly wore the particoloured robe, which she had herself embroidered with flowers and gold thread, and of which the sleeves were of the richest gauze, decorated with ribands and facings curiously sewed together. These were blue, which, being a celestial colour, was in high favour, and much used for cuffs and trimmings; though it was not deemed decorous to have the whole apparel of this hue, since none more was used about the curtains and veils of the Tabernacle. Her under-garment of fine linen, reaching to the ankles, and bordered also with blue, had been decorated by her own skillful needle with clouded colours, which bore the name of feather-work. Across her bosom was a pectoral of byssus, a sort of silk of a golden yellow, formed from the tuft that grows on a large shellfish of the muscle species, found on the coasts of the Mediterranean,—for the great ones of the earth had not then begun to rob the silkworm of its covering. Her sandals were of badger-skin leather, secured with golden clasps. Her head-dress was of simple, and, according to modern notions, of not very becoming form; for her black and luxuriant locks, being drawn behind the head, were divided into several tresses, their beauty consisting in their length and thickness, and the extremity of each being adorned with pearls and jewels, or ornaments of silver and gold, of which latter metal she also wore narrow plain circlets around her wrists and ankles."

One in Roman Costume.—"Her face was painted, her eyebrows pencilled and extended so as to join one another,—one among the many Roman fashions which were then in vogue. Her hair, gathered up in tresses under her veil, and received into a gold caul behind, was confined by a jewelled and embroidered bandelette, which in front assumed the form of

a tiara. Immense rings of wrought gold depended from her ears; a large and valuable nose-jewel hung from the middle of her forehead; every finger sparkled with rings; her chains, bracelets, and ornaments, were worthy of the magnificence of her Roman dress; small bells of silver decorated her scarlet sandals; and in her hand she carried a costly tablet, filled with perfumes."

Antony and Cytheris, as Hercules and Omphale.—"An open car, drawn by two enormous lions, and preceded by laurelled lictors, was seen slowly advancing from one of the woody avenues towards the high-road. A man was seated within it, whose graceful length of beard, large forehead, aquiline nose, and noble dignity of countenance, imparted to him a commanding aspect, that might almost justify the presumption of his vestments, which were in obvious imitation of the garb of Hercules. Beside him sat a beautiful, but wanton and voluptuous-looking female, sparkling with jewels, and flaunting in splendid habiliments, her superb golden ringlets enwreathed with flowers, and her naked, round, alabaster arm, hanging over the side of the car, though she forgot not to shade it with a little canopy of peacocks' feathers, that answered the purpose of a parasol. Both parties were laughing loudly and heartily. Another vehicle followed, drawn by mules; and several horsemen accompanied them, whose animals, having probably been trained to endure the society of the lions, betrayed not the smallest terror at their presence."

Before we leave the fashionables of the capital, we shall quote two customs, and one mode, the very echo of last winter.

"Look at the female wigs in that hair-dresser's shop—positively they get higher and higher every day. * * * She started back on beholding a live snake writhing itself about in the bosom of one of the party, until informed by Maia that it was a harmless little tame serpent, which many ladies thus carried, on account of the refreshing coolness it imparted to the skin. The female in question took out the twisting reptile, called it her pet, her grig, her dear little anguilla, kissed it tenderly, and returned it to its nest. * * * Octavia standing beside a lofty candelabrum, on which her arm was leaning, and occasionally passing from one hand to the other a ball of amber, which it was the fashion of the day to carry, because its refrigerating qualities kept the palm always cool. Her long stole, bordered with gold and purple tissue, and supported by female slaves, was left open in front to display the stomacher, resplendent with jewels; while a mantle of light fabric falling in graceful folds from the clasp of her shoulder, was gathered up at its other extremity, and thrown across her wrist."

The Theatre.—"The large statue of the victorious Venus, as well as the sacred columns, obelisks, and altars, which usually stood ranged along the centre of the arena, had been all removed, not only to afford a better view to the spectators, but in the apprehension that ani-

mals of so stupendous a size as those now about to be exhibited, might overturn or damage them; so that the vast area, which was covered with yellow sand, allowed an uninterrupted view in every direction. Around the base were the vaulted entrances to the numerous dens wherein the wild beasts were confined, having between them a range of grated crypts, into which the rabble were allowed to crowd, and obtain a peep at the arena, just level with their heads. The lower ranges of seats, in which the foreign ambassadors, the dignitaries, and most distinguished personages, were placed, were defended by a broad trench, filled with water, and surmounted by an iron railing, as well as by nets, spikes, and gilt palisades, affixed to rotatory staves, to prevent the grappling and climbing of the wild beasts. In these first rows, which were considered the most honourable, sat, in a separate tribunal, the whole sisterhood of the vestals, in their white robes of state; and in a parallel line with them, sweeping round the vast circle, were seen the chief priests, the flamens and augurs, the consuls, pretors, and ædiles, the senators, and all the magistrates of rank, their seats being of Parian or African marble, covered with rich cushions; though some, to whom the honour of the *biellium*, or the curule-chair, had been decreed by the people, had decorated them with ivory and silver. Above these were the circles for the knights; and then came the great mass of the spectators, divided, for their more commodious arrangement, into masses of a wedge-like shape, and lining the walls with innumerable heads up to the dizzy top of the building. Perfumes were diffused through the theatre by means of pipes, which scattered odoriferous showers in various directions; in addition to which, most of the better class, and many of the plebeians, had provided themselves with flowers and nosegays."

Zillah's escape from Antony is too striking a scene for omission.

"*Zillah*, gazing beneath her, beheld a vast and lofty hall, near the ceiling of which she found herself standing. It was spacious as the interior of a temple, decorated with ponderous columns, a large statue of the veiled Isis, and other grim, gigantic, and hideous deities of the Egyptian mythology, which being only indistinctly revealed in the dim twilight, imparted an additionally stupendous and terrific character to the gloomy vastness of the enclosure wherein they stood. A wrought stone cornice, projecting about two feet from the wall, extended from the spot where they stood to the opposite extremity of the building. 'Have you the courage to risk your life by walking along this dizzy ledge?' inquired Cleopatra, pointing to it. 'It is your only means of escape, and I have myself just traversed it for the purpose of visiting you?'"

Night comes, and *Zillah* puts on her disguise:—"It was a garment which Cleopatra herself had worn when it pleased her to personate the goddess Isis, the robe being decorated with the

symbols of that deity, and the head-dress being a lofty garland of leaves, corn, and artificial peaches, interwoven together." Thus attired she enters the hall. "Massive golden chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, and numerous lofty candelabra and lamps of alabaster arranged along the side of the hall, irradiated the whole spacious enclosure with the blaze of day; the tables, encumbered with gorgeous plate, lofty Grecian vases sculptured with exquisite figures, and ponderous oriental censers, the sparkling of whose gold was quenched in the radiance of the jewelry with which they were embossed, displayed that wasteful and insane profusion which constituted Mark Antony's sole notion of magnificence; the nobility and the priesthood in their robes of ceremony, and the ladies of the court in their gala-dresses, resplendent with diamond blazonry, were ranged along the various tables: at the head of which sat the Triumvir, magnificently attired as the god Bacchus, having on his right hand Cleopatra, the enchantress of all eyes and hearts, not less voluptuous and lovely than the Queen of Love, whose garb and attributes she had assumed for the night. Cupids and beautiful damsels representing the Nymphs and Graces, were in attendance upon the royal and divine pair; as if to complete their living apotheosis, and to offer by their light, lovely, and radiant forms, a strange contrast to the opposite extremity of the hall, where sat enthroned the great veiled figure of Isis, within an enclosure, guarded at each angle by the gigantic black granite statue of an Egyptian deity, stern, solemn, terrific, and rendered still more hideous by the red glare thrown from the flaming altar in front of the shrine. * * * At length, silence being proclaimed by a crier, the priest of Isis, standing beside the altar, pronounced in a loud voice, 'The health of the god Antony! and may the sacrifices and libations which he now offers to his sister Isis be propitiously accepted!' At the same time he poured perfumed oil upon the flame, and the band, as it had been previously concerted, struck up Antony's march. This was the signal for Zillah. Commending herself to Heaven in a short prayer, she stepped upon the narrow cornice with a throbbing heart, and keeping her eyes fixed upon the wall, while she waved her hand rejectingly towards the assemblage below, she proceeded with a slow and steady pace along her perilous path. Cleopatra was the first to startle the echoing hall with a fearful shriek, as she pointed at the apparition, screaming out, 'The goddess! the goddess! she rejects the offerings!—and see, see! the fire of the altar has gone out!' and she fell back in her chair, apparently overcome with dread. Owing to the great height of the cornice, none of the guests below could perceive its projection, and they might therefore be well excused for imagining that the offended goddess was actually treading the air, and about to visit them, perhaps, with some terrible infliction. * * * Antony and Cleopatra themselves, in spite of their assumed divinity, and the royal diadem they wore, offered to their guests the humiliating spectacle of a disorderly retreat; and in a few minutes the silent, lonely hall, with its lamps still blazing, the gorgeous vases and goblets flickering in their own golden light, their gems twinkling like stars, the censers breathing up their rich perfumes, and the costly feast outspread upon the tables, were all abandoned to the veiled goddess, and to the granite giants, who seemed to be left as the grim guardians of the deserted banquet."

The whole work is a series of, as it were, richly coloured sketches, translated by words of the most minute accuracy; and no one can close these volumes without greatly adding to his knowledge of costume, manners, customs, &c. of those high places of history—Jerusalem the Holy, and Rome the Eternal, City—and marvel, as he reads, how so much power and glory can have departed, leaving the magnificent desolate, and the mighty fallen.

We have not entered on the story, because we will not deprive our readers of the attractive thread of all fictitious writings; nor have we quoted as much as we otherwise should have done, except for the belief that *Zillah* will soon be a very common book, not only for immediate perusal, but for future reference and gratification.

The Keepsake for 1829. Edited by F. M. Reynolds. Pp. 360. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; and R. Jennings.

Of the splendid engravings for this work we gave our opinion last week, and we have now to speak of the literary contents, which receive illustration from those beautiful specimens of art, and at the same time reflect a lustre back upon them. This is the second year of the first of the largest class of Annuals, and the preface states that the prodigious sum of eleven thousand guineas has been expended upon it: thus, if liberality deserve success, there can be no doubt of the success of the *Keepsake*. But taste and judgment are as requisite, or more so, than even lavish expenditure; and it affords us pleasure to state that both have been eminently bestowed upon this striking production. It is, we believe, the editor's primal essay, and it does him much honour in every particular—in what he has obtained, in what he has selected, and in what he has contributed. But his best eulogy will be in our analysis of his book, however cursorily done, and in our extracts, however unequal to the effect of displaying the merits of so various a miscellany.

The volume opens with My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, a tale by the Author of Waverley, and though slight (as any thing for a collection of this kind must be), bearing evident marks of the Author of the *Bride of Lammermuir* and of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. It is indeed an interesting and mysterious tale; but, alas for us! and well for the readers of the *Keepsake*, it is forty-four honest pages (i. e. eighty-eight common type and margin), and we cannot quote any intelligible portion of it. Some Stanzas by Lord F. L. Gower follow, and then a prose notice on Love, by the late Mr. Shelley, which, if it explain what love is to any lady-reader of the *Keepsake*, she will, we venture to affirm, never care for the common love-token of that name. And next we come to something more natural, and quote the poetry of a picture written by Wordsworth to the engraving of the Gleaner.

"The Country Girl.
That happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from Summer's golden skies,
That o'er thy brow are shed;
That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn.
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,
Of bliss that grows without a care;
Of happiness that never flies—
How can it where love never dies?
Of promise whispering, where no blight
Can reach the innocent delight;
Where Pity to the mid convey'd
In pleasure is the darkest shade,
That Time, unwinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly gliding wings.
What mortal form, what earthly face,
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,

And mingle colours that could breed
Such rapture, nor want power to feed?
For, had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair damsel, o'er my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
'Mild that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
The sweet illusion might have hung for hours!
—Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born,
Life's daily tasks with them to share,
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Do weigh the blessing they entreat
From Heaven, and feel what they repeat,
While they give utterance to the prayer
That asks for daily bread."

Premising that all the prose pieces in the *Keepsake* deserve commendation more or less, from superlative to comparative, we pass over, in our review, the Half-Brothers, by the Authors of the O'Hara Tales, the length of which seals it from us. Lord Morpeth next contributes some elegant Scraps of Italy; and he is followed by a magnificent poem, the Triad, by Wordsworth. The Sisters of Albano by Mrs. Shelley, and other papers, which, though not undistinguished, we cannot distinguish, including Apropos of Bread, a very clever sketch by Lord Nugent, some lines signed T. Moore (we believe the poet's, but given by a friend to the work), and other lines by L. E. L. on the portrait of the Duchess of Bedford, lead us to the Tapestry Chamber, that exquisite engraving, with a narrative neither worthy of it nor of the writer—no less a personage than the Author of Waverley. In fact, it is a portfolio sweeping, and apologised for by its vigorous contributor, as having been heard by him some twenty years ago from Miss Seward! There is much smartness, perhaps rather too much of fashion, in an Attempt at a Tour, by the Author of the Roud; and Lucy and her Bird, by Sonthey, is as pretty as the subject allowed. The Lady and her Lovers, by the Author of Gilbert Earle, has only to be mentioned as a fair portion of this mosaic, but not the most brilliant of his performances.

We are as yet only half way through the volume, and are met by a couplet by Lord Holland, and some lines by Mr. Luttrell. The Death of the Laird's Jock, by Sir Walter Scott, is simply an anecdote, upon the telling of which no pains have been expended. Mr. Ralph Bernal gives a few stanzas of solemn song, and Ferdinando Eboli appears—an interesting story, by the Author of Frankenstein. We have some vague recollection of meeting before with an account of the extraordinary coincidence on which it is built; but it is altogether an affecting narrative. An Incident, the only paper of any length furnished by the Editor, displays much *naïveté* and talent; and we should observe, in addition to this, that wherever a nook or half page wanted filling up, he has most sedulously and appropriately done his duty by supplying the waste with neat epigrams or slightly poetical flowers. The Boy and the Butterfly, by Crofton Croker, is a fanciful and pretty little piece; and Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L. grace the latter pages of the book with some sweet poetry. We however select as a specimen Lines to a Pearl, by Lord Porchester.

"I have not seen thee shine in crowded hall
On gala night, 'mid gorgeous festival,
But thou wert to the southern stranger given
By the lone stream beneath a stormy heaven.
And, lady, when I took it from thy hand,
I deem'd there breathed no fairer in the land;
And thought when last I heard thee speak, no mind
More pure was e'er in mortal mould enshrined.
At times athwart thy calm and passive brow,
A rich expression came, a sunny glow,
That well might seem engendered by the sky
That canopies the meads of Italy.
It told that young Romance, a lingering guest,
Was still the inmate of thy chaster'd breast;
That fond illusive mood, which makes us still
Forget, in promised pleasure, present ill;

That makes me now, though years have roll'd away,
 Cherish the memory of that distant day,
 And prize this relic of our friendship, far
 Beyond the fabled gems of Istakhar.*

Burnham Beeches, by Mr. Luttrell, is curious in itself, and also from the declaration of the writer that he has "exhausted every rhyme to his subject that the language affords;" which, as critics, we beg to deny.* *Ex. gr.*

Bard of the Trees, thy whim is vain,
 They cure at Dr. Vetch's†
 Retreats, such patients deemed insane,
 As out-rhyme Burnham Beeches.

Beneath whose shade would I could eat
 Bread buttered and sweet cheese;
 So would my oily mouth repeat
 The praise of Burnham Beeches.

In summer, though this plan might fit,
 Without one's coat or breeches,

† Would be no joke just now to sit
 Under the Burnham Beeches.

Mr. Luttrell's is nevertheless a very pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, and contrasts well with the *Garden of Boccaccio*, by Coleridge; and a capital old English story in verse, the *King and the Minstrel of Ely*, by Lockhart. A legend of Killarney, by Mr. Haynes Bayly, is a pleasant variety; but we have yet to mention three of the most striking productions in the *Keepsake*, viz. the *Sketch of a Fragment of the History of the 19th Century* (sixteen pages), by J. M. (Sir James Mackintosh); the *Old Gentleman*, a tale (twenty-three pages), by Theodore Hook; and *Clorinda, or the Necklace of Pearl*, a tale (thirty-eight pages), by Lord Normanby. When, at some future day, selections may be made from all the *Annals*, to form entertaining volumes, without the common admixture of stuff, these, and my Aunt Margaret's *Mirror*, are likely to be among the chosen. We are sorry that we have not room to do justice to them. The *Historical Fragment* is most admirable; and does equal honour to the head and heart of the writer.—one who has had the best opportunities of seeing and feeling the base selfishness and servile ingratitude with which the recent memory of as bright a genius, and as patriotic a soul, as ever adorned the British annals, has been insulted by those who only a few months before crouched beneath his energies, or truckled to his master-mind. Sir James Mackintosh has drawn a noble and an accurate character of Mr. Canning: sorry are we that we can only quote a few insulated parts of it.

"When Mr. Canning, in 1822, assumed the conduct of foreign affairs and of the House of Commons, he adopted measures and declared views which had no parallel among contemporary ministers. The wish, indeed, that England should retire into a more neutral station, and assume a more mediatorial attitude than perhaps her share in the alliance against France could before have easily allowed, had then become so prevalent, that even his predecessor, though entangled in another policy, shewed no doubtful marks of a desire to change his course. Perhaps little could have been done to give it effect until all reasonable royalists were taught by experience that the passion for reformation was too deeply rooted to be torn up by force, and till the eagerness of inexperienced nations for sudden and violent changes had been chastised by defeat. In the five years which followed, the plan for re-establishing the tranquillity of Europe, by balancing the force and reconciling the pretensions of the parties then openly or se-

cretly agitating every country, which probably arose by slow degrees in Mr. Canning's mind, as circumstances became auspicious, and as his own power was more consolidated, began to be carried into execution by three measures, of which the spirit, object, and example, were yet more important than the immediate effects; namely, the recognition of the Spanish republic in America, the aid to Portugal, with the countenance thereby afforded to limited monarchy in that country, and the treaty concluded with Russia and France for the rescue and preservation of Greece. The last of these transactions will now be considered as the most memorable, and as that which best illustrates the comprehensive policy towards which he at length approached. It was a measure eminently pacific, which aimed at the lasting establishment of amity between states, and peace between parties, and which, if executed with spirit, was likely to avoid the inconvenience even of a slight and short rupture with the Ottoman Porte itself. It engaged royalists and liberals in an enterprise on which the majority of both concurred; it tended to knit more closely the ties of friendship between the most powerful governments, and to fasten more firmly the bands between rulers and nations, by uniting the former for an object generally acceptable to the latter. It combined the lustre of a generous enterprise with the greatest probability of preventing the unsafe aggrandisement of any state. In the midst of these high designs, and before that pacific alliance, of which the liberation of Greece was to be the cement, had acquired consistence, Mr. Canning was cut off. He left his system, and much of his fame, at the mercy of his successors. Without invidious comparison, it may be safely said that from the circumstances in which he died, his death was more generally interesting among civilised nations, than that of any other English statesman had ever been. It was an event in the internal history of every country. From Lima to Athens, every nation struggling for independence or existence, was filled by it with sorrow and dismay. The Miguelites of Portugal, the Apostolicals of Spain, the Jesuitical faction in France, and the Divan of Constantinople, raised a shout of joy at the fall of their dreaded enemy. He was regretted by all who, heated by no personal or party resentment, felt for genius struck down in the act of attempting to heal the revolutionary diatemper, and to render future improvements pacific:—on the principle since successfully adopted by more fortunate, though not more deserving, ministers; that of a deep and thorough compromise between the interests and the opinions, the prejudices and the demands of the supporters of establishment, and the followers of reformation.

"From his boyhood he was the foremost among very distinguished contemporaries, and continued to be regarded as the best specimen, and the most brilliant representative, of that eminently national education. His youthful eye sparkled with quickness and arch pleasantry, and his countenance early betrayed that jealousy of his own dignity, and sensibility to suspected disregard, which were afterwards softened, but never quite subdued. Neither the habits of a great school, nor those of a popular assembly, were calculated to weaken his love of praise and passion for distinction. But, as he advanced in years, his fine countenance was ennobled by the expression of thought and feeling; he more pursued that lasting praise which is not to be earned without

praiseworthiness; and, if he continued to be a lover of fame, he also passionately loved the glory of his country. Even he who almost alone was entitled to look down on fame as 'that last infirmity of noble mind,' had not forgotten that it was

'The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days.'

The natural bent of character is, perhaps, better ascertained from the undisturbed and unconscious play of the mind in the common intercourse of society, than from its movements under the power of strong interest or warm passions in public life. In social intercourse Mr. Canning was delightful. Happily for the true charm of his conversation, he was too busy otherwise not to treat society as more fitted for relaxation than display. It is but little to say, that he was neither disputatious, declamatory, nor sententious; neither a dictator nor a jester. His manner was simple and unobtrusive, his language always quite familiar. If a higher thought stole from his mind, it came in its conversational undress. From this plain ground his pleasantry sprung with the happiest effect, and it was nearly exempt from that alloy of taunt and banter, which he sometimes mixed with more precious materials in public contest. He may be added to the list of those eminent persons who pleased most in their friendly circle. He had the agreeable quality of being more easily pleased in society than might have been expected from the keenness of his discernment and the sensibility of his temper. He was liable to be discomposed, or even silenced, by the presence of any one whom he did not like. His manner in society betrayed the political vexations or anxieties which preyed on his mind, nor could he conceal that sensitiveness to public attacks which their frequent recurrence wears out in most English politicians. These last foibles may be thought interesting as the remains of natural character, not destroyed by refined society and political affairs. He was assailed by some adversaries so ignoble as to wound him through his filial affection, which preserved its respectful character through the whole course of his advancement. The ardent zeal for his memory, which appeared immediately after his death, attests the warmth of those domestic affections which seldom prevail where they are not mutual. To his touching epitaph on his son parental love has given a charm which is wanting in his other verses. It was said of him at one time, that no man had so little popularity and such affectionate friends; and the truth was certainly more sacrificed to point in the former than in the latter member of the contrast. Some of his friendships continued in spite of political differences, which, by rendering intercourse less unconstrained, often undermine friendship; and others were remarkable for a warmth, constancy, and disinterestedness, which, though chiefly honourable to those who were capable of so pure a kindness, yet redound to the credit of him who was the object of it. No man is so beloved who is not himself formed for friendship. Notwithstanding his disregard for money, he was not tempted in youth, by the example or the kindness of affluent friends, much to overstep his little patrimony. He never afterwards sacrificed to parade or personal indulgence; though his occupations scarcely allowed him to think enough of his private affairs. Even from his moderate fortune, his bounty was often liberal to suitors to whom official relief could not be granted. By a sort of generosity still harder for him to practise, he endeavoured, in cases where

* Mr. L.'s rhymes are—beesches, bleaches, branches, Creech's, each is, impenches, leeches, peaches, preaches, reaches (twice), speeches, screeches, teaches,—in all thirteen.

† We do not insist on a proper name, but Vetch is as good as Creech.

the suffering was great, though the suit could not be granted, to satisfy the feelings of the suitor, by full explanation in writing of the causes which rendered compliance impracticable. Wherever he took an interest, he shewed it as much by delicacy to the feelings of those whom he served or relieved, as by substantial consideration for their claims; a rare and most praiseworthy merit among men in power.

"Mr. Canning possessed in a high degree the outward advantages of an orator. His expressive countenance varied with the changes of his eloquence; his voice, flexible and articulate, had as much compass as his mode of speaking required. In the calm part of his speeches, his attitude and gesture might have been selected by a painter to represent grace rising towards dignity. No English speaker used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning. He gained more triumphs and incurred more enmity by it than any other. Those whose importance depends much on birth and fortune, are impatient of seeing their own artificial dignity, or that of their order, broken down by derision; and perhaps few men heartily forgive a successful jest against themselves, but those who are conscious of being unhurt by it. Mr. Canning often used this talent imprudently. * * * As his oratorical faults were those of youthful genius, the progress of age seemed to purify his eloquence, and every year appeared to remove some speck which hid, or at least dimmed, a beauty. He daily rose to larger views, and made, perhaps, as near approaches to philosophical principles as the great difference between the objects of the philosopher and those of the orator will commonly allow. When the Memorials of his own time, the composition of which he is said never to have interrupted in his busiest moments, are made known to the public, his abilities as a writer may be better estimated.

"Mr. Canning's power of writing verse may rather be classed with his accomplishments, than numbered among his high and noble faculties. It would have been a distinction for an inferior man. * * * In some of the amusements or tasks of his boyhood there are passages which, without much help from fancy, might appear to contain allusions to his greatest measures of policy, as well as to the tenor of his life, and to the melancholy splendour which surrounded his death. In the concluding line of the first English verses written by him at Eton, he expressed a wish, which has been singularly realised, that he might

'Live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire.'

It is at least a striking coincidence, that the statesman, whose dying measure was to mature an alliance for the deliverance of Greece, should, when a boy, have written English verses on the slavery of that country; and that in his prize poem at Oxford, on the Pilgrimage to Mecca, a composition as much applauded as a modern Latin poem can aspire to be, he should have as bitterly deplored the lot of other renowned countries, now groaning under the same barbarous yoke.

Nunc Satripe imperio et servo subdita Turcæ.

To conclude:—he was a man of fine and brilliant genius, of warm affections, of high and generous spirit; a statesman, who, at home, converted most of his opponents into warm supporters; who, abroad, was the sole hope and trust of all who sought an orderly and legal liberty; and who was cut off in the midst of vigorous and splendid measures, which, if executed by himself, or with his own spirit, pro-

mised to place his name in the first class of rulers, among the founders of lasting peace, and the guardians of human improvement."

The novelty of a paper of this kind in an Annual would excuse our selection of it for extract, even were it not recommended by the great interest of the subject, and the great talents of the author.

The Old Gentleman, by T. Hook, is a very original idea, and is very cleverly treated. The relater has been empowered by a strange personage, dressed in green, with white hair, whose portrait will be immediately recognised at the west end of the town, "to know the thoughts and foresee events," under conditions, that, however well he knows what is to happen to others, he is to remain ignorant about himself, except when connected with them; and that he is never to reveal his supernatural faculty, under pain of losing it.

"To-morrow morning," (the story continues) said my friend, "when you awake, the power will be your own; and so, sir, I wish you a very good night." "But, sir," said I, anxious to be better assured of the speedy fulfilment of the wish of my heart, (for such indeed it was,) "may I have the honour of knowing your name and address?" "Ha, ha, ha!" said the old gentleman; "my name and address—ha, ha, ha!—my name is pretty familiar to you, young gentleman; and as for my address, I dare say you will find your way to me some day or another, and so, once more, good night." Saying which, he descended the stairs and quitted the house, leaving me to surmise who my extraordinary visitor could be. I never knew; but I recollect, that after he was gone, I heard one of the old ladies scolding a servant-girl for wasting so many matches in lighting the candles, and making such a terrible smell of brimstone in the house. I was now all anxiety to get to bed, not because I was sleepy, but because it seemed to me as if going to bed would bring me nearer to the time of getting up, when I should be master of the miraculous power which had been promised me. I rang the bell; my servant was still out; it was unusual for him to be absent at so late an hour. I waited until the clock struck eleven, but he came not; and resolving to reprimand him in the morning, I retired to rest. Contrary to my expectation, and, as it seemed to me, to the ordinary course of nature, considering the excitement under which I was labouring, I had scarcely laid my head on my pillow before I dropped into a profound slumber, from which I was only aroused by my servant's entrance to my room. The instant I awoke I sat up in bed, and began to reflect on what had passed, and for a moment to doubt whether it had not been all a dream. However, it was daylight; the period had arrived when the proof of my newly acquired power might be made. "Barton," said I to my man, "why were you not at home last night?" "I had to wait, sir, nearly three hours," he replied, "for an answer to the letter which you sent to Major Sheringham." "That is not true," said I; and, to my infinite surprise, I appeared to recollect a series of occurrences, of which I never had previously heard, and could have known nothing: "you went to see your sweetheart, Betsy Collyer, at Camberwell, and took her to a tea-garden, and gave her cakes and cider, and saw her home again: you mean to do exactly the same thing on Sunday, and to-morrow you mean to ask me for your quarter's wages, although not due till Monday, in order to buy her a new shawl." The man stood aghast: it was all true. I was quite as

much surprised as the man. "Sir," said Barton, who had served me for seven years without having once been found fault with, "I see you think me unworthy your confidence: you could not have known this, if you had not watched, and followed, and overheard me and my sweetheart: my character will get me through the world without being looked after. I can stay with you no longer: you will please, sir, to provide yourself with another servant." "But Barton," said I, "I did not follow or watch you; I—" "I beg your pardon, sir," he replied: "it is not for me to contradict; but, you'll forgive me, sir, I would rather go—I must go." At this moment I was on the very point of easing his mind, and retaining my faithful servant by a disclosure of my power; but it was yet too new to be parted with; so I affected an anger I did not feel, and told him he might go where he pleased. I had, however, ascertained that the old gentleman had not deceived me in his promises; and, elated with the possession of my extraordinary faculty, I hurried the operation of dressing, and before I had concluded it, my ardent friend Sheringham was announced: he was waiting in the breakfast-room. At the same moment, a note from the lovely Fanny Maynard was delivered to me—from the divine girl who, in the midst all my scientific abstraction, could "chain my worldly feelings for a moment." "Sheringham, my dear fellow," said I, as I advanced to welcome him, "what makes you so early a visitor this morning?" "An anxiety," replied Sheringham, "to tell you that my uncle, whose interest I endeavoured to procure for you, in regard to the appointment for which you expressed a desire, has been compelled to recommend a relation of the marquess; this gives me real pain, but I thought it would be best to put you out of suspense as soon as possible." "Major Sheringham," said I, drawing myself up coldly, "if this matter concern you so deeply as you seem to imply that it does, might I ask why you so readily agreed to your uncle's proposition, or chimed in with his suggestion, to bestow the appointment on this relation of the marquess, in order that you might, in return for it, obtain the promotion for which you are so anxious?" "My dear fellow," said Sheringham, evidently confused, "I—I never chimed in; my uncle certainly pointed out the possibility to which you allude, but that was merely contingent upon what he could not refuse to do." "Sheringham," said I, "your uncle has already secured for you the promotion, and you will be gazetted for the lieutenant-colonelcy of your regiment on Tuesday. I am not to be told that you called at the Horse-guards, in your way to your uncle's yesterday, to ascertain the correctness of the report of the vacancy which you had received from your friend Macgregor; or that you, elated by the prospect before you, were the person, in fact, to suggest the arrangement which has been made, and promise your uncle to 'smooth me over' for the present." "Sir," said Sheringham, "where you picked up this intelligence I know not; but I must say, that such mistrust, after years of undivided intimacy, is not becoming, or consistent with the character which I hitherto supposed you to possess. When by sinister means the man we look upon as a friend descends to be a spy upon our actions, confidence is at an end, and the sooner our intercourse ceases, the better. Without some such conduct, how could you become possessed of the details upon which you have grounded your opinion of my conduct?" "I— and here again was a temptation to confess and

fall; but I had not the courage to do it. "Suffice it, Major Sheringham, to say, I know it; and, moreover, I know, that when you leave me, your present irritation will prompt you to go to your uncle and check the disposition he feels at this moment to serve me." "This is too much, sir," said Sheringham; "this must be our last interview, unless indeed your unguarded conduct towards me, and your intemperate language concerning me, may render one more meeting necessary; and so, sir, he ends our acquaintance." Saying which, Sheringham, whose friendship even to my enlightened eye was nearly as sincere as any other man's, quitted my room, fully convinced of my meanness and unworthiness: my heart sank within me when I heard the door close upon him for the last time. I now possessed the power I had so long desired, and in less than an hour had lost a valued friend and a faithful servant. Nevertheless, Barton had told me a falsehood, and Sheringham was gazetted on the Tuesday night."

A lady's case next occurs, but from this we must abstain, and only copy a little of the less particular results.

"I went into the Water-colour Exhibition at Charing-cross; there I heard two artists complimenting each other, while their hearts were bursting with mutual envy. There, too, I found a mild, modest-looking lady, listening to the bewitching nothings of her husband's particular friend; and I knew, as I saw her frown and abruptly turn away from him with every appearance of real indignation, that she had at that very moment mentally resolved to elope with him the following night. In Harding's shop I found authors congregated to 'laugh the sultry hours away,' each watching to catch his neighbour's weak point, and make it subject matter of mirth in his evening's conversation. I saw a viscount help his father out of his carriage with every mark of duty and veneration, and knew that he was actually languishing for the earldom and estates of the venerable parent of whose health he was apparently taking so much care. At Howell and James's I saw more than I could tell, if I had ten times the space afforded me that I have; and I concluded my tour by dropping in at the National Gallery, where the ladies and gentlemen seemed to prefer nature to art, and were actively employed in looking at the pictures, and thinking of themselves. Oh! it was a strange time then, when every man's heart was open to me, and I could sit, and see, and hear, all that was going on, and know the workings of the inmost feelings of my associates: however, I must not detain the reader with reflections."

He refuses a challenge, because he foresees he will kill his antagonist, and is disgraced as a coward; he kicks his tailor for imposing on him, and is punished at the police office; in short, his misadventures prove that

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise;

and the tale ends as it should do; but as we shall not anticipate for those readers who seek it entire in its own location. Of Lord Normanby's delightful story we have not left ourselves room to say any thing, and therefore hasten to conclude our notice of this extremely rich Annual with two or three of its minutest leadlets—epigrams.

"Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse

To all, and at all times;
And finds them both divinely smooth,
His voice as well as rhymes;
But folks say Mævius is so ass;
But Mævius makes it clear
That he's a monster of an ass—
An ass without an ear!"

COLERIDGE.

"Love's Calendar.

That courtship gay is *Lady Day*,
My pretty maid, you teach your lover;
But marry not, or you'll discover,
That *Lady Day*, most strange to say,
Will then become no *Quarter day*."

THE EDITOR.

"To a Critic who quoted an isolated passage, and then declared it unintelligible.

Most candid critic! what if I,
By way of joke, pluck out your eye,
And holding up the fragment cry,
'Ha, ha! that men such fools should be!
Behold this shapeless mass!—and he
Who own'd it dreamt that it could see!
The joke were mighty analytic—
But should you like it, candid critic?'"

COLERIDGE.

"Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing."

If Coleridge had, like us, been obliged to read all the poetry in all the Annuals, this couplet must have been turned still more puntingly.

Transshenane Memoirs. By J. R. Best, Esq. 8vo. pp. 218. Longman and Co.

WE had occasion in two several *Literary Gazettes* for December 1826, to speak in terms of commendation of a former work of the present writer, an English Catholic, long resident abroad, and a relation of the gentleman whose works on France and Italy we reviewed not long since. We can hardly say that our author has now sustained the reputation which his preceding *Memoirs* acquired for him. The work is in a half-gossiping, half-sentimental style, with a tendency to be lachrymose about Buonaparte, and waspish about Protestantism. We pointed out in our notice of his relation's performance, who became a convert from the Reformed to the Roman Catholic worship, the continual snarling in which he indulged himself when an opportunity offered (or, indeed, when it did not offer), at the established religion of his native country; and we have something of the same kind to observe of Mr. J. R. Best.

Ex. gr. "The façade of the Protestant cathedral is of a fine Gothic architecture. I wished to see the interior of the church, and walked round to all its doors: I found them all shut. The rain was falling in torrents, and I hope I may be excused if the exclamation, 'D—n these Protestants!' did chance to escape from my disappointed lips. But I do assure the Protestant reader that it was uttered without any feeling of ill-will; that it broke forth in a moment of unthinking peevishness; for reflection would have told me that my curses were superfluous."

To which is added, in a subsequent page—

"And let me tell the Protestant church-shutter, whom I so kindly damned a few pages back, that the power of entering a church at all times is a great consolation to the really religious person. On seeing an open door, even the thoughtless worldling may sometimes be tempted to enter, and a saddening, solacing balm may be unexpectedly cast over his petty, his piteously petty pursuits. This, I well know, is not according to the language of the age. That age, whether Protestant or Catholic, is too enlightened for every-day prayers! Why should we call upon the Divinity to witness our smooth, egotistically-complacent career? Is religion made for the children of prosperity? In adversity we will wildly cry and rave, and fancy that we are praying; but so long as fortune smiles upon us, we surely do sufficient, when we pay our unmeaning weekly devotions to the Divinity, in order to keep up a

* *Transshenane Memoirs.*

sort of connexion, that we may not lose our right of appeal *en cas de besoin*."

We will not amplify these examples, nor give a whining address to a lock (or supposed lock) of Buonaparte's hair, about which the author is wonderfully enthusiastic; but we will extract his idea of the young Duke of Reichstadt.

"I have met with extracts from a work in which the character of this young man is depicted in those strong colours which universal continental report ascribes to him. That character does, in fact, already excite the hopes of his well-wishers—but these are few—and the fears of his enemies—who are many. 'Il n'a que trop d'esprit'—he is but 'too clever,' is an opinion which I have heard announced by French royalists; while others profess to anticipate as certain his future exaltation to the throne of France."

Risum teneatis about this *trop d'esprit*?

Our traveller admits, and regrets, that he has not seen the pride of Munich—its literary institutions, to which he might well have added its palaces for the fine arts; but he says that "being seized with a fit of insurmountable uncomfortableness, I thus answered a professor in one of the colleges, who had the goodness to press me to defer my departure. 'But,' said he, 'you have not seen the royal picture gallery?' 'The floor is now encumbered by workmen, and admittance has been denied me: besides, the paintings of Munich, however fine they may be, are less anxiously thought of by one who is acquainted with every gallery of Italy.' 'You have not seen Canova's fine modern statues?' 'I have studied all Canova's most beautiful models in his own Roman workshop.' 'You have not seen the extensive collection of ancient marbles?' 'I have often stumbled over the precious marbles that formerly adorned the imperial halls, and that now impede the cultivation of the vegetables that spring up amongst the tottering ruins of the once-more *herbosa Palatia*.' The professor smiled, and I left Munich."

We will not, however, part with our friend on ill terms: he writes with great ease, in a pleasant style; tells his stories in a light, flip-pant way; and amuses, if he instructs not. We do not find depth of research or acute observation; but he skims the surface of his tour on a light and buoyant wing, and the mere flapping of his pinions has something joyous about it. We give another extract or two at random.

"Reader,—excuse the familiarity of my address, in favour of the good intentions which prompt it,—have you ever known the inconveniences of having bed-clothing too narrow to be tucked under, or, at least, to fall down and cover the edges of the mattresses? Unless you can resign yourselves to such beds, beware of visiting Germany. Oh, ye good housewives of England! what would ye say, were ye to behold these bedsteads, three feet and a half broad, on the mattresses of which lies one sheet of the usual breadth, while the only covering prepared for the astonished traveller consists in what the French call a *pique*,—a quilt lined with wool, enclosed in a movable bag, like a pillow-case, and which, being scarcely ever as long as the bed, leaves an opening at the bottom for the feet to protrude beyond,—this the Germans think conducive to health: moreover, its breadth being exactly the same as that of the upper mattress, it is unavoidably shaken off by him who has not practised in his bed the stillness that awaits him in the grave! Such is the covering used in Germany during sim-

mer. In winter it is exchanged for a sheet and the 'feather-bed,' which, from the smallness of its dimensions, is equally ill calculated to afford warmth to him who tosses himself beneath it—wishing that he had the same power with which Italian polichinelis are endowed,—that of drawing in his legs, and, in some measure, jumping down his own throat."

"A friend of mine travelling through France during summer, ordered his servant to wake him at six o'clock in the morning. When at that hour the man entered the bedroom, his master inquired, 'What sort of weather is it?' The sleepy servant drew open what, in the dark, appeared to him a window-shutter, and replied, '*Monsieur, il ne fait point de tems; et il sent le fromage*—Sir, there is no weather at all; and it smells of cheese.' He had opened a waiter's store cupboard."

History of the Commonwealth of England, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second. By William Godwin. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THIS work has just been completed: Vol. I., published in 1824, contained the Civil War;—Vol. II., in 1826, brought events to the death of Charles I.;—Vol. III., in 1827, came to the Protectorate;—and the last vol., which appeared a few days since, concludes the design.

That "the opponents of Charles I. fought for liberty, and had no alternative," is the dogma which the author sets out to prove; and while we have no doubt that he directed his inquiries conscientiously, and arrived at his convictions in what appeared to him to be the most honest and unprejudiced manner, we have as little hesitation in thinking that there is much more of the partisan than of the impartial historian in this work. Indeed, there are few of the important questions embraced by the discussion, which do not seem to be strongly tinged with the political feelings of Mr. Godwin. Charles I. is all treachery and perfidy; the regicides have every thing to excuse, if not to justify them. An attempt of the king to escape from imprisonment is a crime; the most flagitious act of Cromwel is an error of judgment. In short, there is an obvious leaning to the republican and revolutionary party throughout; and all the writers on that side are relied upon as decisive authorities, while the statements of their opponents are sifted and rejected.

The protector is the hero of the scene; and to what a pitch of admiration Mr. Godwin carries his view of that extraordinary character, may be gathered from the following remarks on his personal appearance:—"Perhaps the only portrait of Cromwel that presents to us an image of his mind, is the miniature by Cooper, of which there is a good print in the early copies of *Kimber's Life of the Protector*, published in 1724. The eye is steady, vigilant, resolute, pregnant with observation. The lips are compressed and firm, yet visibly adapted to convey emotion and feeling. The brow is large, and indicative of a capacious spirit. Authority is in every feature, without assumption, without affectation; and there is a grave and composed air over the whole, that speaks the early religious habits of his mind. There is somewhat in the aspect that impresses awe on the beholder, at the same time that we are unable to assign to ourselves a reason why we should be afraid. We observe power, but nothing that bespeaks a tendency to the improper use of it. We observe superiority, not imperious, but unalter-

able and calm. There is no improbability in the supposition, that Milton, in describing the person of our first parent, had that of Cromwel in his recollection:—

In his looks divine
The image of his glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Whence true authority in men —
This fair large front and eyes sublime, declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forehead manly hung,
Clustering, yet not beneath his shoulders broad."

Now this, so far from being the language of history, is the language of enthusiasm. No wonder that a beholder should be unable to assign any reason for being afraid at the features in a miniature! the thing is absurd, except when fancy usurps the place of judgment; and, besides, this eulogy upon the countenance of Cromwel is at issue with every contemporary description, whether of friends or foes.

It will hardly be expected in a Review like ours, however, that we should enter upon the numerous points which the author offers for examination or controversy: all that we can do is simply to express our opinion of the general nature of the performance, and leave its details to those who have space for more elaborate criticism. We give Mr. Godwin credit for the integrity of his purpose and for the industry of his research; to the latter of which we owe some new lights on this interesting period of our national annals. But we feel at every turn the bias of the writer's mind, in spite of himself; and we cannot accord him the meed of being an unprejudiced historian. At the same time we ought to do justice to his enlarged and liberal ideas upon many topics of the highest public and political importance; and to say that his work is a solid proof of great endowments and abilities. The last chapter, in particular, a *coup-d'œil* over the government of Cromwel, does honour to the author's talents.

The Bijou; an Annual of Literature and the Arts. pp. 268. London, 1829. Pickering.

WE cannot say that the Annual now before us takes a superior literary rank: there is too much in it of mediocrity, and not enough that rises above it. The Family of Sir Thomas More is, however, a very interesting sketch; and the Stranger Patron, by W. J. Thoms, an uncommon and affecting story. Mr. John Bird also deserves mention, both for prose and verse of an appropriate order; and Messrs. Shee, Proctor, Bowles, J. Montgomery, Hogg, W. Frazer, &c. for contributions in extent of a minor character, but well suited to make up the agreeable miscellany of one of these publications. Mrs. Hemans has done little here; but, by way of amends, there are several charming little poems by L. E. L. As this delightful child of song has written but few things this year in the Annuals, of which she has hitherto been so liberal a supporter, and as what was said of Goldsmith may truly be said of her, "she touches nothing which she does not adorn," by the freshness, purity, and beauty of her thoughts, we shall gratify the lovers of poetry by exemplifying the *Bijou* from her compositions. The fine imagination which could immediately suggest such a theme as we now copy to illustrate a print of Tivoli, needs no praise from us, but that we desire to take the opportunity of paying that tribute which we have so much pleasure in continuing to one whose first productions were made known through our page, and whose growing fame gratifies us so much by confirming our early opinions and high expectations.

"Tivoli.
Rushin' g, like uncured passion, through the rocks
Which it has riven with a giant's strength,
Down came the gushing waters, heaped with foam,
Like melted pearl, and filling the dark woods
With thunder tuned to music."

When last I gazed, fair Tivoli,
Upon those falls of thine,
A nother step was by my side,
A nother hand in mine;
Aid, mirrored in those gentle eyes,
To me thou wert a paradise.
I've smiled to see her sweet lips move,
Yet not one accent hear,
Lo! in thy mighty waterfall,
Ah! hough we were so near,
My breath was fragrant with the air
The rose-wreath gave she went to wear.

How often have we past the noon
Beneath thy pine-trees' shade,
When arching bough, and dark green leaf,
A natural temple made;
Haunt of some young divinity,
And more than such she seemed to me.
So very fair, oh! how I blest
Thy gentle southern clime,
Thas! to the beauty of her cheek
Had brought back summer time.
Alas! 'twas but a little while,
The promise of an April smile.

Again her clear brow turned too clear;
Her bright cheek turned too bright;
And her eyes, but for tenderness,
Had been too full of light.
It was as if her beauty grew
More heavenly as it heavenward drew.

Long years have past, and toll and care
Have sometimes been to me,
What! in my earliest despair
I dream't not they could be;
But hence the past comes back again,
Oh! why so utterly in vain?

I stood here in my happy days,
And every thing was fair;
I stand now in my altered mood,
And may I what they were.
Fair Tivoli, to me the scene
No longer is what it has been.
There is a change come o'er thy hills,
A shadow o'er thy sky;
The shadow is from my own heart,
The change in my own eye:
It is our feelings give their tone
To what's o'er we gaze upon.

Back to the stirring world again,
Its tumult and its toll;
Better to tread the roughest path,
Than such a haunted soil:
Oh! wherefore should I break the sleep
Of thoughts whose waking is to weep.

Yes, thou art lovely, but, alas!
Not lovely as of yore,
And of thy beauty I but ask
To look on I; no more.
Earth does not hold a spot for me
So sad as thou, fair Tivoli."

The next, from the same hand, is of a tone unusual to her late. It is entitled the Feast of Life.

"I bid thee to my mystic feast,
Each one thou lovest is gathered there;
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair."

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear;
The board with faded flowers is spread;
Shadows of beauty flit around
But beauty from which bloom has fled;

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirge-like sound;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears;
'Tis from their native element
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What! turnest thou with averted brow?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine,
And askest for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain, the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seemed to thee:
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality!"

Mont Blanc, by the same, is even more poetical; and were we only to consult the adornment of our *Gazette*, we would add it to these sweet examples of female genius. To be admirers of such powers is an offence in no critic; and we have, perhaps, some pride in our partiality, because it flatters our discern-

ment: but as we are only observers, not dictators, we merely desire the public to read, feel, compare, and use its sound discretion. Mr. Shee's verses, though on a trite topic, a Wedding Day Anniversary, breathe a playful philosophy not unworthy of the Author of *Rhymes on Art*: we will cite a few stanzas—

"And though by many a jolt apprised,
Life's ways are not Macadamised,
Or smooth as wealth could make them;
O'er ups and downs, unjaded still,
We never felt the wish or will
To shorten or forsake them.

Nor can we, Mary, justly say,
Though neither quite so young or gay,
As when, cold Prudence spurning,
We scamper'd forth for Pleasure's sake,
And Fortune thought to overtake,
Or meet at every turning.

Nor can we say we're much the worse
For such a long and anxious course,
With Care still at our heels;
And such a household troop around,
As Hymen has too often found
A drag upon his wheels.

'Tis true we rarely dance or sing,
Or bound with the elastic spring,
The steps of youth discover;
But, had quadrilles not cut us out,
Our dancing days, I make no doubt,
We'd prove were not yet over.

In times which memory still enhances,
Of good Scotch reels and country dances,
On limb alert and supple,
We tripp'd it gaily through the night,
Nor thought it any great exploit,
To dance down thirty couple.

But now, amidst a stately throng,
The grave quadriller glides along,
With far more airs than graces,
Or unash'd, while matrons stare,
In giddy waits, the breathless fair
Her whirling beau embrace.

Some wrinkles, too, we must allow,
Have mark'd the tablet of the brow;
And though they are but slight there,
They shew his hieroglyphic hand,
And make us fully understand,
Old Time begins to write there.

Already he has clear'd the page,
And stamp'd some characters of age
So plain that you may trace them,
He has thinn'd my locks, and turn'd to gray
The few remaining—so I say
A wig must soon replace them.

At dinner we grow nice, and think
Much more of what we eat and drink
Than we were wont, when able
To feast on every kind of food
Which that great artist, Eustache Ude,
Could put upon the table."

Of Eustache Ude we cannot hear mention made in this manner, without animadverting on the *sole-cism* (no pun) committed by the writer. It is a complete blunder throughout. We will tell Mr. Shee, "*great artist*" as he really is, that he has not done justice to his greater contemporary artist on this occasion. We suspect he made the verse after some plain English dinner, when consequently (as in the ensuing verse is confessed) "rather dozy." Why! the more nice the happy connubial pair grew with regard to meals, we will venture to say the more would they be able to feast on every kind of food, if put on the table by this Prince of Cooks. In short, we are quite angry with Mr. Shee: he has made a bull, and put the cart before the horse. It is not when folks can eat any thing except a jackass stuffed with horse-nails, that they care so much for Ude's superbly commingled flavours—it is when they think, "Now, what could I take?"—when appetite is languid, or rather when there is no appetite; when it seems as if the merrythought of a lark would oppress the stomach with wagon-loads of insupportable cannibalism:—it is then that Ude approaches in the effulgence of his glory, and you dwell on dindons aux truffes, and fricassée au suprême, and salmi des perdreaux, and the unrivalled Sauté au

Lucullus,* as if you were the heirs of exercise and the competitors of the court of aldermen. But this is an inter-Ude, as the players call it, and it is time to "Ex. Ude."

My Native Village, by Mr. Carrington, is so true to nature, that we are tempted to close with a few lines from its beginning and ending.

"Touch'd by the sun-light of the evening hour,
The elm still rises near thy aged tower,
Dear, pensive Harewood; and in that rich ray
E'en thy old lichen'd battlements seem gay;
Through the bow'd window streams the golden glow,
The beam is sleeping on the tombs below;
While with its million flowers yon hedge-row fair
Girts with green some thy lowly house of prayer.
No breeze plays with the amber leafage now,
Still is the cypress, still the ivy bough;
And but for that fleet bird that darts around
Thy spire, or glancing o'er the hallow'd ground,
Titters for very joy; how strange and deep
The silence where the lost, the loved ones sleep!
Beside—there is no lay, nor voice, nor breath,
A happy living thing where all around is death!"

"Yes, ye are fair as ever—field and wood,
And cots that gem the calm, green solitude;
And harvests, ripening in the golden gleam,
And flowers, rich fringing all yon wayward stream.
The village green uplifts its age-worn trees,
And flings young voices on the evening breeze;
The rill which flow'd of old yet freshly flows,
The lake still spreads in beautiful repose;
There waves the very grove whose walks among
I oft have strayed to beat the blackbird's song—
Long may the wild bird that sweet refuge know—
Cursed be the axe that lays its leafage low—
Long, bless'd as now with minstrelsy and flowers,
Rise, Harewood, rise amid thy blushing bowers;
And as yon stream, its moorland journey past,
Gilds smoothly through the uncheering vales at last,
So, spent with toil in life's tumultuous day,
A pilgrim fainting from his rugged way—
Sweet on thy peaceful bosom let me rest,
Like a tired bird in its own quiet nest;
And find, how exquisite to find it there,
Life's stormy noon crown'd with a sunset fair."

Nollekens and his Times.

[Second notice.]

If Nollekens was a capital bust-maker, his biographer is no less expert at a whole-length figure in the literary way; and his groups often possess strong characteristic features. The disappointment of being a Residuary Legatee has, no doubt, added piquancy to these exhibitions,—for Mr. Nollekens played to the last that cunning game which selfishness often dictates to low minds; and the consequent chagrin of his dear friends was proportionate to the great amount of his wealth, the largeness of his promises, and the exuberance of their expectations. We confess that it always affords us pleasure to see the meanness of legacy-hunters (and we make the remark generally, without allusion to the present instance) thus punished. The dirty creature who leaves the world, and the dirty creatures whom he leaves, as far as his last will is concerned, pennyless behind, are entitled to equal respect and sympathy. To the independent looker-on, the closing scene of such a drama is a rich comi-tragic treat.† Here you have the old fox carrying on the system of delusion to the very gates of death, chuckling, we dare say, within his inmost and sinking breast at the blank visages of his crowd of sycophants, when they shall find how matters are settled after he is no more; and here you see those paltry expectant wretches, ay, the noble and the rich, as well as the low

* Vide Ude's Cookery. Ninth Edition, *passim*.

† "About this time he was courted by several legacy-hunters who were beating about the bush, and amusing trifles from various quarters were continually planted before him in his room. One brought him a tall and extended chimney-cannula; and, to make it look taller, had it placed upon a table within a foot of his nose, so that he was obliged to throw his head back to survey it; and another brought the French giant in a coach, when he was delighted to ecstasy to see him touch the ceiling. During this visit, Bonomi made a mould of his immense right hand."—See Smith's *Memoir*, p. 406, Vol. I.

and needy, licking the dust, for years, beneath the miserly califf's feet. The presents are ever flowing in—the game, the venison, the bon-bons, the rarities, which, were they to cost him a guinea from his immense hoards, he would never have the heart to enjoy; while compliments and adulation come from others who have nothing more substantial to offer; and each flatters himself that he will be remembered in the testament. At length the longed-for period arrives when the sad mourners return from their esteemed crony's funeral, and lo! he has quitted this life, and, by an act worthy of himself and of them, cheated them all. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be applauded; and we could now point at Nollekens still fretting their hour, and multitudes of hungry slaves toad-eating the slipped pantaloons, in hopes of futurity, upon whom, we trust, this lesson may not be utterly thrown away. In order to obtain their pandering good offices, this curmudgeon had literally circulated a list of a hundred persons, to whom he declared his intention of bequeathing a thousand pounds a-piece: in the result, he gave his fortune to two or three individuals, and most dishonestly deceived some who had just claims upon him.

These reflections, however, are rather by way of episode; and we resume the extremely entertaining and pungent anecdotes in the volumes before us. Of the congenial meannesses of Nolly and his wife, the following are curious examples:—

"My old school-fellow, Smith, the grocer, of Margaret-street, has been frequently heard to declare, that whenever Mrs. Nollekens purchased tea and sugar at his father's shop, she always requested, just at the moment she was quitting the counter, to have either a clove or a bit of cinnamon, to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth; but she never was seen to apply it to the part so affected; so that, with Nollekens's nutmegs, which he pocketed from the table at the Academy dinners, they contrived to accumulate a little stock of spices, without any expense whatever."

"He for many years made one at the table of what was at this time called the Royal Academy Club; and so strongly was he bent upon saving all he could privately conceal, that he did not mind paying two guineas a-year for his admission ticket, in order to indulge himself with a few nutmegs, which he contrived to pocket privately; for as red-wine negus was the principal beverage, nutmegs were used. Now it generally happened, if another bowl was wanted, that the nutmegs were missing. Nollekens, who had frequently been seen to pocket them, was one day requested by Rossi, the sculptor, to see if they had not fallen under the table; upon which Nollekens actually went crawling beneath upon his hands and knees, pretending to look for them, though at that very time they were in his waistcoat pocket. He was so old a stager at this monopoly of nutmegs, that he would sometimes engage the maker of the negus in conversation, looking at him full in the face, whilst he slyly, and unobserved as he thought, conveyed away the spice: like the fellow who is stealing the bank note from the blind man in that admirable print of the Royal Cock-pit, by Hogarth.—I believe it is generally considered, that those who are miserly in their own houses, almost to a state of starvation, when they visit their friends or dine in public, but particularly when they are travelling, and know that they will be called upon with a pretty long bill,—lay in what they call a good stock of every thing, or of all the good things the landlord thinks proper to

spread before them. This was certainly the case with Nollekens when he visited Harrowgate, in order to take the water for his diseased month. He informed his wife that he took three half-pints of water at a time, and as he knew the bills would be pretty large at the inn, he was determined to indulge in the good things of this world; so that one day he managed to get through 'a nice roast chicken, with two nice tarts and some nice jellies.' Another day he took nearly two pounds of venison, the fat of which was at least 'two inches thick;' at breakfast he always managed two muffins, and got through a plate of toast; and he took good care to put a French roll in his pocket, for fear he should find himself hungry when he was walking on the common by himself.—Our sculptor would sometimes amuse himself on a summer's evening, by standing with his arms behind him at the yard-gate, which opened into Titchfield Street. During one of these indulgences, as a lady was passing, most elegantly dressed, attended by a strapping footman in silver-laced livery, with a tall gilt-headed cane, she nodded to him, and smilingly asked him if he did not know her. On his reply that he did not recollect her, 'What, sir!' exclaimed she, 'do you forget Miss Coleman, who brought a letter to you from Charles Towley to shew legs with your Venus? why I have been with you twenty times in that little room, to stand for your Venus!' 'Oh, *lauck-a-daisy!* so you have,' answered Nollekens; 'why what a fine woman you're grown! come, walk in, and I'll shew you your figure; I have done it in marble.' After desiring the man to stop at the gate, she went in with him; and upon seeing Mrs. Nollekens at the parlour-window, who was pretending to talk to and feed her sister's bullfinch, but who had been informed by the vigilant and suspicious Bronze of what had been going on at the gate—she went up to her, and said, 'Madam, I have to thank—' Mrs. Nollekens then elevated herself on her toes, and with a lisping palpitation began to address the lady. 'Oh, dear!' observed Miss Coleman, 'and you don't know me:—you have given me many a basin of broth in the depth of winter, when I used to stand for Venus.' Mrs. Nollekens, not knowing what to think of Joseph, shook her head at him as she slammed the window, at the same time exclaiming, 'Oh, fie! Mr. Nollekens, fie! fie!' Bronze assured me that when her master went into the front parlour he had a pretty warm reception. 'What!' said her mistress, 'to know such wretches after you have done with them in your studio!' The truth is, that Mrs. Nollekens certainly *did* contrive to get a little broth ready for the models, such as it was, and she likewise condescended to take it into the room herself; and this I am sorry to say, whatever her motives or other charitable intentions might have been, is the only thing I can relate of her that bears the semblance of kindness.

"Upon the death of Mrs. Nollekens, her husband, who had received the condolence of Mrs. Zoffany, Mrs. Lloyd, and other steady old friends, conducted himself with all possible dolefulness and customary propriety, pacing his room up and down with his hands in his pockets, and for a time, I really believe, felt the want of her company, deplorable as it had been for the last three years. However, many ladies stoutly maintain an opinion, that very few gentlemen die of grief for their departed wives; and that short and not very distant removals to a lively prospect where new faces may be seen, generally bring about a change in the worldly

affairs of men. And, as if he had been for too long a time what is usually denominated 'hen-pecked,' Mr. Nollekens soon sported two mould candles instead of one; took wine oftener; sat up later; lay in bed longer; and would, though he made no change whatever in his coarse manner of feeding, frequently ask his morning visitor to dine with him. * * He continued now and then to amuse himself with his modelling-clay, and frequently gave tea and other entertainments to some one of his old models, who generally left his house a bank-note or two richer than they arrived. Indeed, so stupidly childish was he at times, that one of his Venuses, who had grown old in her practices, coaxed him out of ten pounds to enable her to make him a plum-pudding; and he grew so luxuriantly brilliant in his ideas of morning pleasures, that he would frequently, on a Sunday particularly, order a hackney-coach to be sent for, and take Taylor, Bonomi, Goblet, and sometimes his neighbour the publican's wife from the Sun and Horse-shoe, a ride out of town of about ten or twelve miles before dinner. Now and then, however, in consequence of his neglecting his former cautious custom of bargaining for the fare before he started, he had a dispute with the coachman on his return, as to the exact distance, to the no small amusement of Bronze and his brawny old Scotch nurse, a woman whose blotchy skin and dirty habits even Nollekens declared to be most obnoxious to his feelings, and wretchedly nasty in her mode of dressing his virtuais."

Mr. Smith insinuates that still, beyond these ebullitions, the maid Mary became "pretty Mary," and had a very good understanding with her dotard of a master; but as this is a domestic affair, we shall turn to topics of a more public character and general interest. We are told, "Frank Hayman was a droll dog. I recollect when he buried his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much money on her funeral? 'Ah, sir!' replied he, 'she would have done as much, or more, for me with pleasure.'"

We cannot say much for the delicacy of the next; and, indeed, in one or two instances we find the author so free, that we would not reprint his anecdotes.

"Hogarth, who was a great frequenter of houses supported by libertines, went to Moll King's, in Covent Garden, accompanied by his friend Hayman, who was at all times highly delighted to see that 'moral teacher of mankind' sketch from nature. They had not been in the brothel ten minutes, before Hogarth took out his book to draw two ladies, whose dispute bespoke a warm contest; and, at last, one of them, who had taken a mouthful of wine or gin, squirted it in the other's face, which so delighted the artist, that he exclaimed, 'Frank, mind the b——'s mouth!' This incident Hogarth has introduced in the third plate of his *Rake's Progress*."

The Earl of Besborough is represented as a very kind-hearted and benevolent nobleman; but the whole of the following memoranda, as they relate to distinguished persons, are worthy of being quoted.

"Mrs. Thrale one morning entered Nollekens's studio, accompanied by Doctor Johnson, to see the bust of Lord Mansfield; when the sculptor vociferated, 'I like your picture by Sir Joshua very much. He tells me it's for Thrale, a brewer over the water: his wife's a sharp woman, one of the blue-stocking people.' 'Nolly, Nolly,' observed the doctor, 'I wish your maid would stop your foolish mouth with a blue-bag.' At which Mrs. Thrale

smiled, and whispered to the doctor, 'My dear sir, you'll get nothing by blunting your arrows upon a block.' The late Earl of Besborough was so well known to Nollekens's dog, that whenever the animal saw his lordship's leg within the gate, he ceased barking, and immediately welcomed the visitor, who always brought a French roll in his blue great-coat-pocket purposely for him, with which his lordship took great pleasure in feeding him. But whenever he had been thus fed, Nollekens would say, when cutting his meat, 'There, that's enough for you, you have had a roll to-day; the other half will do for to-morrow.' Whilst I am speaking of this truly benevolent nobleman, I will take the opportunity of observing, that I have heard my father relate the following anecdotes of him:—His lordship was once standing to see the workmen pull down the wooden railing and brick-work which surrounded the centre of Cavendish-square, when a sailor walked up to him and asked him for a quid of tobacco: his lordship answered, 'My friend, I don't take tobacco.' 'Don't you?' rejoined the sailor; 'I wish you did, master, for I have not had a bit to-day.' As he was turning away, his lordship called to him and said, 'Here, my friend, here is something that will enable you to buy tobacco,' and gave him half-a-crown. At another time, a poor woman, with two children, who appeared much distressed, but was remarkably clean, curtsied to his lordship as he was passing; he drew out his purse, but in attempting to give her two shillings, they dropped, and rolled into the kennel, upon which, his lordship, after picking them up, wiped them with his pocket-handkerchief before he gave them to the distressed widow."

We hope our readers will like an *encore*.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Chemical Re-agents or Tests, and their Application in Analysing Waters, Earths, Soils, Metalliferous Ores, Metallic Alloys, &c. Originally by F. Accum. Improved and brought down to the present State of Chemical Science by William Maugham, Lecturer on Chemistry. 12mo. London, Tilt.

MR. MAUGHAM has carefully revised the last edition of this work, and has added much new matter; he has likewise endeavoured throughout to impress upon the mind of the chemical student, the beauty, as well as utility, of letting the art of chemistry always rest upon the science. Mr. Accum was a chemist of the old school, and might now derive much instruction from the perusal of a book originally compiled by himself; and he would perceive, that although his name is still remaining in the title, the volume is almost entirely re-written, and, in truth, very greatly improved. We recommend it as a work of eminent and daily usefulness, not so much in scientific concerns as in the most important domestic circumstances.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 26.

THE season for seeing fashionable loungers and swaggerandos has commenced: this description of irresistible generally honour the garden of the Tuileries at four o'clock, and parade up and down the beau walk with swang gait, to attract the regards of rich mammas with *folies demoiselles*, who, they flatter themselves, must fall victims to their slender waists, hat on three hairs, cravat à l'Anglaise, bright buttons, and new gloves. The salons also begin to fill with light-witted

coxcombs, who, nevertheless, possess the talent of bowing, smiling, and grimacing old dowagers and young widows out of their liberty and fortune; whilst men of merit are forced to tell their love-tales to the moon and stars, or blow out their brains. The conversation of drawing-rooms is at present *tout-à-fait* sentimental; fair ladies expatiate on the charms of the country, the purity of the air, the delight of rural walks, the bliss of retirement; so that, did we not live in an age where words are used to conceal, not to disclose, the sentiments of the heart, one might imagine dissipation a penance; and the cooing of doves, bleating of sheep, cackling of geese, and braying of donkeys, more pleasing to the ear of gentle females than highly seasoned compliments, well-turned flattery, deep sighs, and soft speeches.

Great reforms are daily taking place in this city of cities: waggons and carts are obliged to be driven at snail's pace, so as not to endanger the necks of the *piétons*. Happily, the overturning of a *commissaire de police* has occasioned this change; and it is to be hoped that other accidents may shortly happen to some of these precious parts of the creation, to induce them to establish similar laws with regard to gentlemen's carriages, tilburies, &c.

Great preparations are making for Saint Charles's day; and instead of the scramble which usually takes place for sausages, wine, &c. the *bureaux de charité* are to distribute a German sausage, two pounds of bread, and a bottle of wine, to each poor family in their district.

According to the *on dits* of the day, the famous Videoc is about to establish a manufactory at Paris, in which no man is to be allowed the honour of serving who has not been either at the galleys, or confined in the prison of the force. Such an establishment, I should think, might be of great use to morality, as it would cause a concurrence in fair dealing, and put honest men on the alert to prove themselves superior to those entitled rogues; for, take society at large, the same principle, I believe, governs all classes—that of cheating one's neighbour.

We have got a new omnibus, denominated Trycicles, which allows space for stretching the legs, gives elbow-room, and has so easy a motion that one may read and write without difficulty, and thus economise time: a looking-glass also is not forgotten, which has many advantages, but one in particular—that you may stare at your neighbour without appearing to look at him.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

1st day—the sun is at the verge of the southern scale, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ deg. west of Zuben el Genubi. 20th day—enters the head of the Scorpion $2\frac{1}{2}$ deg. west of Antares.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Libra	7	3	4
○ First Quarter in Capricorn	14	1	48
○ Full Moon in Taurus	21	2	40
○ Last Quarter in Leo	29	1	44

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Virgo	3	8	45
Jupiter in Libra	7	13	30
Mercury in Scorpio	8	2	40
Mars in Capricorn	13	20	30
♂ Tauri	21	12	38
Saturn in Cancer	26	6	40

13th day, 9 hrs.—Mercury in his inferior conjunction, and distant only 10 min. 7 sec. from the sun, which will be the closest ap-

proximation this planet will make to a transit till the year 1832, when, on May 4th, about noon, Mercury will appear as a beautifully defined circular spot, 11 sec. in diameter, traversing the sun's disc: this phenomenon is considered to be one of the most interesting spectacles in the heavens, and occurs more frequently with Mercury than Venus.

Venus, the herald of the early traveller, and harbinger of day, still continues to illumine the eastern hemisphere, and precedes the rising sun nearly four hours. 14th day, 17 hrs.—in conjunction with γ Virginis, a beautiful double star, and one of the binary systems. 5th day, 10 hrs. 15 min.—Mars in quadrature, and appearing of an oval or gibbous form, being defective from a full orb about $\frac{1}{4}$ th of his diameter. 14th day, 17 hrs.—in conjunction with γ Capricorni. 17th day, 8 hrs.—with δ Capricorni.

12th day—Jupiter in conjunction with Mercury. 16th day, 20 hrs. 45 min.—with the sun. 30th day, 7 hrs.—with λ Libræ.

Saturn is situated among the small stars called *Præsepe*, in Cancer, and is increasingly favourable for observation: it rises at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	10	7	7	9	43	13	9	19
19	8	54	25	8	29			

Uranus is advancing towards the head of Capricornus.

Situation of the principal Constellations this evening (1st day) at 8 hrs.

Ursa Major N. Gemini and Cassiopeia N.E. Auriga N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Perseus E.N.E. Pleiades E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Musca, Triangula, and Andromeda, E. Eridanus, Cetus, Aries, and Pisces, E.S.E. Pegasus S.S.E. Aquarius S.

Capricornus S.S.W. Sagittarius and Delphinus S.W. Antinous S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Scutum S.W. by W. Aquila S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Cygnus W. by S. Lyra W. Hercules W. by N. Corona N.W. by W. Draco and Boötes N.W. Ursa Minor N.N.W.

Telescopic objects in the above that are favourable for observation.

A nebula near the ear of Ursa Major, of an oval form, bright in the centre, and exhibiting a mottled nebulousity. ξ Ursæ Majoris, a double star, the smaller one of which moves about the larger one six degrees in a year. Castor in Gemini, a double star. The asteroid Ceres forms the southern vertex of a triangle with Castor and Pollux. A nebula near ϵ Aurigæ, consisting of a square mass of small stars. Algol, a variable star in Perseus, varies between the second and fourth magnitudes in 2d day, 20 hrs. 48 min. 58.7 sec. In Andromeda there are several nebulae, the largest of which is in the girdle, and is 40 min. in length by 15 min. in breadth.

Uranus and Mars in Capricornus. A variable star in Antinous, south of Altair, nearly in the equinoctial; it varies between the third and fifth magnitudes in 7th day, 4 hrs. 15 min. γ Lyræ, a remarkable double double star, in which a slight motion is perceptible; in the first set the largest star is white, and the smallest inclining to red; in the second set they are both white. In the girdle of Hercules, between two stars of the eighth magnitude, there is a round and bright nebula 6 min. in diameter. The star in the head of Hercules is double, and is a beautiful object: one of the stars is of a bluish colour, inclining to green; the other is red.

The pole star (α Ursæ Minoris) is double; the two stars that compose it are of very unequal magnitudes; the largest of the two

white, the other red, and separated from each other 17 sec. This star is an excellent test of the illuminating and defining power of a telescope: the smaller the magnifying power which will shew the small star as a distinct point of light, the more excellent is the telescope.

Depford.

J. T. B.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER: LEVELS.

A VERY curious and a very important production has just been placed before us; but, unluckily, one which we find considerable difficulty in describing so as to convey a clear idea of it to our readers. It consists of a sheet, 40 inches by 27, on which is presented, at a single view, the relative altitude of the principal public and other edifices, parks, squares, reservoirs, &c. in the metropolis and the environs. On the right hand is a lithographed geometrical landscape (something on the plan of those instructive sheets which shew the relative heights of all the mountains, or the relative lengths of all the rivers, in the world), on which is figured the objects referred to in the accompanying tables. For this purpose, the Trinity high-water mark of the river is taken as the foundation or base-line; and above this, within the space of about half an inch equal to a rise of ten feet, are represented and numbered all the buildings, &c. situated within ten feet of the level of the river, such as, for instance, Westminster Hall, Whitehall, the Council Office, Greenwich Hospital, &c. The next line occupies from ten to twenty feet above the level assumed, and is similarly filled with a range of objects, "in little," such as the Admiralty, Buckingham Palace, Northumberland House, the Custom House, Chelsea Hospital, &c. &c. Thus every ten feet forms a line upon the pyramidal landscape, to the height of four hundred and forty feet, (consequently there are forty-four lines and spaces of rather more than half an inch each), where, at the top, we find Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead; and in the divisions immediately below, at four hundred and ten feet, Highgate Church and Shooter's Hill (on the same line), and below these the cross of St. Paul's. It is remarkable, that from two hundred and eighty feet to this height there are no objects of public interest. To complete this laborious and most useful work, there is a reference to every place and thing contained in the picture; an index, with not only an alphabetical table, but also with a numerical table, which at once enables the spectator to go to the spot he is in quest of, or from that elevation to the table, which informs him of other particulars.

This altogether extraordinary performance is from actual and patient surveys by Mr. Frederick Wood, of Brompton, and Mr. William Moffat, of Knightsbridge, land-surveyors; and it is a monument of their skill and industry. To architects, engineers, water companies, commissioners of sewers, and other civil authorities, it must be a perfect and indispensable *vade mecum*; but there is hardly an individual possessed of property in the capital who is not materially concerned in the mass of information it conveys. Medical men and invalids, too, will probably be well disposed to consult a document which is so true a guide towards the choice of situations eligible for their constitutions. Upon the whole, we recommend this work to general attention. It is not likely that any patronage can compensate the authors for the time and toil they have employed upon it; but we are sure, that such meritorious individuals need only to be known by a public labour

so eminently valuable, to be rewarded for their diligence, and encouraged for their abilities.

CHANGES IN ANIMALS.

At one of the recent sittings of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, an interesting paper was read by M. Roulin, on the Changes which the domestic Animals of Europe undergo when transported to the Equatorial Regions of the New World. The author's observations are stated to have been made in New Granada and a part of Venezuela, from the 3d to the 10th degree of N. lat., and from the 70th to the 90th degree of W. long. He states, at the commencement of his paper, that the mammiferous animals brought from the old to the new continent, are pigs, sheep, goats, asses, horses, cows, and dogs, all of which are become more numerous than the indigenous animals of the new countries. It appears that the hog in the warm valleys of South America, wandering in the woods, and subsisting upon wild fruits, becomes very ferocious, and assumes almost the character of the wild boar. The first introduction of pigs into these climates was in St. Domingo, in 1493, one year after the discovery of America. They were successively introduced into all the places inhabited by Spaniards; and in the space of half a century they were to be found multiplying rapidly, from the 25th degree of N. lat. to the 45th degree of S. lat. The larger animals were also first introduced into St. Domingo, where for some years they did not appear to thrive; but by the persevering management of the colonists, they began to multiply prodigiously, and great numbers were sent to Mexico. Such, at length, was the fertility of production in St. Domingo, that, notwithstanding numerous exportations, herds of 4000 head of cattle were very common in that island twenty-seven years after its discovery. Some herds are even stated to have numbered 8000; and in 1687 the exportation of hides from St. Domingo was 35,444; and in the same year 64,350 hides were exported from New Granada. The principal treatment to ensure fecundity in these animals, was to pasture them in situations where the food possessed saline properties; in places where the quantity of salt either in the water or plants was small, they were found to deteriorate in quality, and to diminish in number. In these climates the cow undergoes a material change. It no longer furnishes the constant supply of milk which we obtain from it by artificial means in Europe; and in order to obtain that fluid at all, it is necessary that the calf should be continually with its mother. The milk obtained for domestic use is only that which accumulates during the night, when the calf is in a quiescent state. When the calf ceases to suck, the milk immediately dries up. The bulls and cows introduced from Europe into South America soon became wild; and at the present time it is only by repeated *battues* that they are kept in subjection. The ass undergoes in the provinces which M. Roulin has visited, less change than any other animal. He never becomes wild but in situations where the labour is excessive. The propagation of the species is attended with several instances of deformity. It is very different with the horse. By the independent life which it leads, it almost resumes the character of the wild horse, and is remarkable for the great similarity of colour. A bright chestnut is the prevailing, and nearly the only colour of the horses in South America. The favourite pace of these horses is the amble, which they are taught at a very early age. They do not remain fit for

service many years, as they become liable to swellings, which are generally incurable. When in this state, they are turned out and used for breeding. The result is very extraordinary: the colts born from parents which have been taught the ambling pace, have themselves the amble, as naturally as the colts in Europe have the trot. To these colts is given the name of *aguillitas*. The first importation of dogs into South America was at the second voyage of Columbus. In his first battle with the Indians in South America, he had twenty blood-hounds, which were afterwards employed in Mexico and New Granada, where their race remains almost without change. They are now used chiefly for stag-hunting, and are as formidable in their attack upon that animal, as they were formerly to the natives. Many of the South American dogs of pure race inherit the necessary instinct for the chase of the wild hog, in which they are employed. The address of this dog consists in moderating its ardour, so as not to attack any particular animal, but to keep in check the number by which it may be surrounded; whereas, a dog of bastard race, whatever may be its strength, is, for want of this precaution, instantly devoured. The sheep introduced into America were not the *merinos*, but the two species called *tana basta* and *burda*. In temperate climates they have multiplied abundantly, without shewing any tendency to submit to the domination of man. In the burning climate of the plains they do not propagate freely; and a curious phenomenon is there witnessed. The wool of the lambs grows at first as in more temperate climates, but rather slowly. When in a fit state for shearing there is nothing remarkable about its quality; and when removed it grows again as in temperate climates: but if the proper time for shearing is allowed to go by, the wool becomes thick, falls off in patches, and leaves underneath not a new growth of wool or a barren place, as if from disease, but a short, shining, and close hair, exactly like the hair of the goat in the same climate; and where this hair once appears, there is never any return of wool. The goat, notwithstanding its form, which appears adapted to mountainous situations, thrives much better in the low valleys of South America than on the high points of the Cordilleras. It undergoes a mammiferous change similar to that of the cow. Among birds the changes have not been great. The fowls brought by the Spaniards multiplied abundantly in most situations; but on some elevated points, such as Cusco, and all the valley, it was for a long time impossible to get them to propagate. By dint of perseverance a few chickens were obtained. In these there was little fecundity; but their descendants were more fruitful, and they now produce with the same facility as in our climates. The same remark may be made of the goose, which has only been recently introduced into Bobota. The peacock, the Pintado fowl, and the pigeon, have undergone no change.—The conclusions drawn from this Report are, 1st, That every animal, like man, requires time to accustom itself to climate; and, 2dly, That domestic animals, when left to themselves, have a great tendency towards the organisation of those of the same species in a wild state; and that a very short time only is necessary to produce that transformation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Oct. 18.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Windle, Worcester College; Rev. W. Thorpe, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. F. Turner, Exhibitioner, T. L. Allen, Worcester College; J. J. Farquharson, Christ Church; O. D. Toosey, Lincoln College; R. Hutton, Exeter College.

Oct. 25.—Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Civil Law.—The Hon. P. H. Abbot, M.A. Student of Christ Church, and Vinerian Fellow; Rev. C. Awdry, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. A. Bewes, Rev. M. R. Scott, Exeter College; C. H. Maclean, Balliol College; W. L. Woods, St. John's College; T. Vores, Scholar of Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. G. Cole, Fellow of Exeter College; C. A. Houlton, J. R. Kenyon, Christ Church.

The Rev. W. Palmer, B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was incorporated of Magdalen Hall.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

HAVING the honour of an invitation to the annual oration last Tuesday evening, at "half-past eight o'clock precisely," we attended, both as a private pleasure and a public duty. But diligence is not always rewarded; and we found, on arriving before the hour specified, that so numerous a company had been invited, that not only were the Society's apartments full, but the stairs were crowded to the bottom, like a patroness of Almacks' principal rout of the season. As there were, however, neither ladies to faint out of our way, nor refreshments to support us in the squeeze, we were fain to turn our heads in another direction, and utter a wish that the Medico-Botanical Society would not issue more than twice as many cards as they have room to accommodate. As far as we are concerned, the world has lost an oration by this means.

EGYPT.

Letter from M. Le Normand.

Alexandria, 29th Aug. 1828.

Two or three days after our arrival, a fleet of nearly 40 sail had quitted the port of Alexandria, to bring back from the Morea Ibrahim and his army. Admiral Codrington, with a small squadron, had come to press the conclusion of the treaty with the viceroy, who had acceded to his wishes with the best possible grace, and the Greek slaves who had been liberated had already set out upon their return to their homes. It was thus rendered impossible that the war between Greece and Turkey should affect us. Another course of events, however, might have proved very prejudicial; and, to tell the truth, M. Drovetti had written a letter to M. Champollion, which had luckily crossed us, in which he advised him, even in the name of the viceroy, to put off the expedition to another year. Our debarkation, therefore, caused a momentary embarrassment to M. Drovetti; but as to the pasha, he said at once—"they are welcome."

To describe to you the impression, the droll appearance, the singular agitation, of this city, would be impossible. For a place like Alexandria, it would be necessary to create new terms, for those of which we make use can only present a vague idea, out of all keeping with the reality. A city, in our conception of the word, implies streets, pavements, houses;

even a mayor and gendarmes;—here there is nothing of all that—the men seem to congregate upon this tongue of sand as nature wished and permitted;—and what men, what a mixture of people, and how new to the eye of a European! Here the Turk, with his long robe and demure step; there the Jew, handsome as Joseph, all full of grimaces as Caiapha; on one side the mild Armenian, on the other the wild-looking Bedouin, with his long white drapery, and mounted upon his dromedary; the blue shirt of the Arabian contrasting with the frock-coat of the European; the red uniform of the troops of Ibrahim by the side of the blue jackets of our sailors: here an officer of rank covered with gold, preceded by slaves carrying torches; there a troop of veiled women and naked children, denoting misery in its extremest stage. Imagine this strange mixture moving about among half-built houses and in tortuous paths, with an agitation and a language to which even Naples cannot be compared,—and you have Alexandria in all its confusion, and in its sublime and burlesque singularity of aspect.

On the 19th we took possession of the lodgings which had been prepared for us. M. Champollion remained at M. Drovetti's, and I was placed with M. Pechemonte, the consul of Sardinia, and son-in-law of M. Drovetti. From my window I can perceive, in the open air, one of the prettiest museums imaginable—a house in ruins, with antique fragments of Egyptian, Roman, and Byzantine sculpture; and opposite, an Arabian portico of the most delicate and original description.

In the evening, our first promenade was to the Obelisks called the Needles of Cleopatra. These Obelisks presented to M. Champollion many singularities which have not been noticed. This point of view, which forms part of the site of the old city, and from which there is the most picturesque prospect of the sea, of several Greek and Copt convents, and of the mosque which is the place of sepulture for the family of the pasha, has become, on account of the little excavations which have been commenced there, the rendezvous of the persons employed to sketch (*dessinateurs*), so that it may be said that the expedition has commenced its labours. As for me, I am preparing myself for the more important things which Upper Egypt will present us with, by reading Herodotus, and by the study of the hieroglyphics. M. Champollion continues to be in every respect a model of complaisance.

In general, as I have already told you, persons at a distance have monstrous ideas of the character of the people of this country, and yet in some respects they are better than the people of our great cities. All the Franks who have lived here a long time speak in the highest terms of the mild manners of the Arabs, in the whole extent of Egypt, without exception. Murders are here of rare occurrence, and when they do take place they are almost always committed by foreigners. Some singular traces of the French expedition are discernible in the population. As we left the city yesterday to proceed to the Obelisks, we were accosted by a blind man, who addressed us in French, to the following effect:—"Give me something, citizen, for I have not breakfasted this morning."

It is probable that M. Pariset will find himself disappointed on his arrival in Egypt, for there has been no plague there these three years; the pasha has established lazarettos; and the prevailing opinion is, that this year, like the three preceding, will pass over without

plague. A volunteer of our vessel, a young man of nineteen, has deserted, and taken refuge with the governor of Alexandria, where he has made profession of the Musselman faith. From this moment he belongs to the Turkish government, and the consul has no further power than to interrogate him three times in the presence of the governor, to know if his resolution is final; if he persists, the affair is ended, and there is a renegade the more.

The extent to which the pasha has carried his influence over the minds of the people of this country is extraordinary; he appears to exercise a kind of seduction over all who approach him. [The audience of the pasha is then mentioned.] The conversation (which ensued) was about the voyage, and we were promised protection and support. We were then asked if we intended to go to the summit of Pharaoh; for so the Turks call the pyramids. After this, politics were introduced; and in the midst of this official conversation, coffee was brought to us in small cups, on a tray covered with a napkin embroidered with gold. At the end of a quarter of an hour we were dismissed, with the same cordiality, and returned to our carriage.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE lectures on foreign literature commenced on Wednesday last, by Mr. A. Panizzi giving his introductory discourse to a good attendance of visitors. The professor was frequently encouraged in the course of his task, and the conclusion was followed by long and continued plaudits. The lecture itself was eloquently written, and delivered with great propriety of action and enunciation. We were so much pleased with the whole performance, that we feel some reluctance in finding fault; but we could have wished that he had recited a few passages from some of the Italian poets. We earnestly recommend these lectures to our readers, as, both from the specimen which we have already received, and from the celebrity of the gentleman in question, we have no hesitation in saying that he will be an honour and credit to the establishment. Italian literature is too little known in this country. Fashion, however, has had its votaries, whilst intellect and mind have been sadly neglected. Let not our countrymen, therefore, suffer this excellent opportunity to escape, and we shall be satisfied. There are to be 105 lessons for the language, and 70 lectures for the exposition of the literature. For want of space, we have only room for the following extract.

"The comparison of the literature of different countries tends eminently to form a sound taste, and to do away with those prejudices which a narrow view, caused either by national pride or antipathy, may have produced. It strengthens and enlightens the intellect, by multiplying the objects of its attention. The political history, the manners, the customs, the character, of a nation, are never well comprehended without a critical knowledge of its literature, which, influenced as it is by all these causes, has a great re-action upon them. These palpable truths did not escape the notice of the Council of the University; and the facilities which this splendid monument of their exertions affords for the acquisition of modern languages, give the members of that body a just title to the gratitude of the public. It is obvious, that the more extensive this study becomes, nations are brought into closer contact, their jealousies grow fainter and fainter, and the value of useful works, from any country, increases in the ratio in which they are put

within reach of a greater number of individuals."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Amulet for 1829.—The attractive Frontispiece was mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* last week. The other illustrations are most of them of a very pleasing character. Among them are the following: "The Fisherman leaving Home," an interesting picture by W. Collins, R.A., sweetly engraved by C. Rolls. "The Kitten discovered," engraved by W. Greatbatch, from a picture by H. Thomson, R.A., broad and simple. "The Rose of Castle Howard" (portrait of Lady Mary Howard), engraved by E. Portbury, from a painting by J. Jackson, R.A.; a charming representation of infantile simplicity. "The Temple of Victory," engraved by R. Wallis, from a painting by J. P. Gandy, R.A.; a noble architectural composition: to what cause is it to be attributed that a man of so much original talent and acquired knowledge as Mr. Gandy, seems to be overlooked in the choice of architects for the construction of our public buildings? "The Mountain Daisy;" a metamorphosis of Sir T. Lawrence's exquisite picture of one of the Ladies Fane; it is engraved by C. Armstrong. "Wandering Minstrels of Italy," engraved by W. Humphreys, from a drawing by Penry Williams, which highly finished drawing must be well recollected by all the visitors to the last Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. "The Italian Mother," engraved by E. Finden, from a painting by C. Eastlake, A.R.A. Perhaps much may be owing to our not being constantly accustomed to it, but there certainly appears to be something very picturesque in the costume of the Italian women: "The Wearied Soldier," engraved by C. Rolls, from a painting by the late W. Bigg, R.A. The story is clearly told, and the perspective view of the sheep exceedingly well managed. "Innocence," engraved by F. Bacon, from a painting by R. Smirke, R.A. We wish Mr. Smirke would allow us more frequent opportunities of mentioning his name as an artist. Who does not recollect with delight the masterpieces of humour—"familiar but not vulgar"—with which he frequently favoured the public some years ago?

The Juvenile Forget-me-not for 1829.—To the illustrations of this handsome little volume, is appropriately prefixed a Portrait of "Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria," engraved by Thomson, from a bust by Behnes, in the possession of his Majesty. There are fifteen other plates, very prettily engraved, and exceedingly well adapted to youth. Nor must we forget the vignettes on wood: several of them, especially those in which the Savoyards, with their grotesque companions, are introduced, are executed with great skill.

BIOGRAPHY.

LUKE HANSARD, ESQ.

ON Wednesday, the 29th ult., at the house of one of his sons, in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, died LUKE HANSARD, Esq., in his 79th year. Beyond the circle of the literary characters directly or mediately connected with his press (comprising almost all the leading statesmen, civilians, and divines, his contemporaries in the late and present reign), of members of the House of Commons, and the gentlemen officially employed there, Mr. Hansard was not, we believe, very publicly known; though for a really praiseworthy, active, and useful life,

few men have higher pretensions to a distinguishing record.

Mr. Hansard succeeded Mr. Hughes as printer to the House of Commons about thirty years ago: but for nearly fifty years the printing of that department has had the benefit of Mr. Hansard's direction, aided by a professional skill and judgment that will rank his name among the chief in the annals of typography. Without derogating from the praise of others, it may, with truth, be said, that to Mr. Hansard belongs the merit of the luminous and admirably digested plan under which the voluminous papers relating to the various branches of the public service have, for some years past, been laid before parliament and the nation; an arrangement and classification tending to diffuse information of vital import, at the same time that it gives facility to every description of research connected with the polity of the country.

As a man of business, Mr. Hansard possessed the main qualifications pertaining to excellence—a fixed habit of industry, a scrupulous regard to punctuality and despatch, and an inflexible integrity. As a citizen, his duties were performed with a vigour and alacrity the most commendable. As a master, such excellent rules guided his conduct, as to render servitude under him both beneficial and pleasant. As a parent, his example was of the kind to be influential beyond the range of his own immediate household.

In justice to Mr. Hansard it should be stated, that he came to the metropolis a journeyman; and, like the late Mr. Strahan, the late Mr. Cadell, and others whom we could name, had slender prospect of success beyond that to which his own personal application, perseverance, and merit, might entitle him. Also, like the persons with whom we rank him, Mr. Hansard accumulated a liberal competency, which, as it was honourably and sedulously earned, was the more richly deserved.

The natal place of the subject of this imperfect sketch has compelled the recollection of the writer, but is believed to have been Norwich, or some village in the neighbourhood of that city. He received the rudiments of education at a school in Lincolnshire; and was afterwards apprenticed to the then only printer in Norwich, Mr. White, in Cockey Lane. The hard fare of his early probation, at school and during his apprenticeship, recurred frequently to his recollection in after-life, and served as a theme for useful monition to the young people about him. In his person, Mr. Hansard was of middling stature, and spare; but to a remarkably strong constitution there was united a spirit adapted for enterprise, for exertion, for subduing every thing arduous, and, by its extraordinary and never-failing energy, overcoming obstacles, hindrances, and difficulties, that, to ordinary powers, appear wholly insurmountable. No one about him could ever keep pace with his undeviating course of labour, the time allotted by him for rest never exceeding, at any season of the year, more than a sixth part of the twenty-four hours of each working day. This practice he pursued to within a very short period preceding his decease. The divine denunciation consequent on the Fall, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," &c. was conspicuously illustrated in the experience of Mr. Hansard. But with him every returning day brought a cheerful disposition for labour, and from the sheer love of it, a perseverance that never relaxed, because it knew not to tire. To the remark of our great moralist, that "it seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure,"

Mr. H. was a striking exception: no one ever took greater delight in any pursuit than he did in his particular avocation; to that he devoted all his powers, bodily and mental, the force of which he multiplied at will, by the rare tact of infusing into others a portion of his own extraordinary zeal. Thus to accomplish the circle of so many evolving years may, indeed, be accounted a long career, and claiming not the merely negative merit of protracted animal existence, but the real *bonâ fide* praise due to a life, which, while it was deservedly profitable to the individual, proved extensively beneficial to others.

In religion, Mr. Hansard was perfectly orthodox, and a regular attendant at his parish church. With politics he never intermeddled, farther than by strenuously acting from principle with those and for those whose purposes and views were loyal, and of a kind to uphold and cherish the Establishment in Church and State. To the Society for Educating the Lower Classes, to that for Building Churches, to the recently projected institution of a Metropolitan College, and to other public foundations, he was a liberal contributor; while his munificent gifts vested in the Stationers' Company for poor Printers, will convey a grateful memory of him to the latest posterity.

Previous to his death, Mr. Hansard had become a great grandfather; and he leaves to possess his large property, and the reflected credit of his justly acquired fame, a widow, a sister, three sons, two daughters, and nearly forty grandchildren. An excellent likeness of him, by Lane, made a part of the late Exhibition at Somerset House.*

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

A TRANSLATION of that very elegant comedy *La Reine de Seize Ans* was produced here yesterday week; and it is no trifling compliment to Miss Emma Thompson, who acted the part of the *Young Queen*, to say that she highly relished her performance of it, (especially as it is rendered in the English) after having witnessed its representation by the inimitable Jenny Vestpré, for whom it was originally written by M. Bayard, and who, independently of her extraordinary talent, is so admirably assisted by her *petite* and fairy-like figure, in the personation. The daily papers have spared us the trouble of detailing the plot; and indeed *La Reine de Seize Ans* having been frequently represented at the Lyceum, during the French performances last season, it is familiar to most of our town readers. Mr. Farren played the old minister of Gustavus with his usual discrimination of character. Mr. Cooper was the favoured young officer, and Mr. Jones his courtier-cousin. We need scarcely say they left us nothing to desire in the acting.

Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, was revived, with great strength, on Thursday; Farren, Jones, and Cooper, taking the leading parts, and executing them to perfection.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE only novelty at this house since our last, is the introduction to the London boards of a Mr. Gray, who made his first appearance as

* Though a memoir in detail could only do justice to the subject, we consider this brief notice as the best of all eulogies, coming as it does from a gentleman who for nearly twenty years has participated in Mr. H.'s labours, and whom we believe to be capable of appreciating them. Of such a memorial the family may be justly proud.—*Editor.*

Sir Anthony Absolute, in the *Rivals*. He is certainly not a man of genius; and, so far from being able to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Farren's defection, can be of no earthly use in a company possessing Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Blanchard, and Mr. Bartley. Reeve's *Acres* was a very funny character; but it, we swear, was not *Acres*, "by the road."

VARIETIES.

Legal Education.—Letters from Alexandria state that the Pasha of Egypt is about to send to this country two of the sons of one of his principal officers to receive instruction in the mode of English legislation. If the Pasha wishes them to learn all that is to be collected in this way, he will be dead long before they have finished their education!

Animal Charcoal.—Some years ago the newspapers gave an account of an establishment at Copenhagen, in which the charcoal made from bones was used with great success in the purification of common oils, whilst the gas that was generated served to light a great part of the neighbourhood. An establishment of this kind is being formed at Stockholm. It is said that the most rancid fish oils are made equal to the finest sperm oil by the use of this charcoal; and that in consequence of the profit resulting from its employment in that way, the gas which the bones give out in great abundance can be supplied at a much cheaper rate than the gas obtained from coals. It is rather singular that the experiment has not been tried in this country.

Scientific Squabble.—A difference has arisen between the Paris Academy of Medicine and the French Government, owing to the appointment by the latter of a distinguished chemist, to make an analysis, on the spot, of the different mineral springs in France. The Academy approve of the choice, but contend that the appointment should rest with them, and not with the government. Particular researches are required to be made in the south of France, where the mineral waters are said to possess extraordinary powers. According to the last report, not only the waters of Dax, but even the mud near the town, is of such efficacy, that the soldiers who are quartered there, when afflicted with rheumatism, find a speedy cure by covering the part affected with mud, which they removed when thoroughly dry.

Malaria.—At a late sitting of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, M. Villermé read a paper on the Influence of Marshes upon Human Life, from which he drew the following conclusions:—In the salubrious portions of our climates, the winter and spring months are those which give the greatest number of deaths, and the winter is more fatal in the north than in the south. In marshy countries the greatest number of deaths is in the months of July, August, September, and October; and the evaporation of the marshes is most fatal to persons from one to six years of age. The complaint which generally attacks children, owing to the malaria of marshes, is stated to be an acute gastro-intestinal affection.

Greek Isles.—A commission which had been appointed by the president of the government, M. Capo d'Istria, to inquire into the state of education in the Greek isles, having examined seventeen of them, has reported that, on the 1st of May last, those seventeen isles possessed 92 schools, comprehending 2,333 scholars, from 5 to 30 years of age. 23 of these schools, containing 969 scholars, followed the Lancasterian method. Of the 92 schools, 13 had been established under the dominion of the Turks; 57 between the month of March 1831,

and the arrival of the president (January 1828); and the 22 others between that period and the 1st of May. The 13 schools founded under the Turks, and receiving 296 scholars, all followed the old method. Of the 57 schools of the second period, only 14, containing 557 scholars, followed the new method; the remaining 43 schools of that period contained 829, being altogether 1,386 scholars. In the third period, 9 schools of mutual instruction, containing 412 scholars, had been founded; the 13 other schools founded within that period, and which follow the old method, had only 239 scholars, making altogether 651 scholars. The principal matters taught in all the schools are reading, writing, ancient and modern Greek, arithmetic, geography, and the ancient history of Greece. In some of the schools, French, Italian, and English, are taught; in others, Latin and geometry. In a very great number, theology, metaphysics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, are likewise taught.

Irritation.—Excitability is essential to the continuance of life. The effect of excitation on the nerves, as every where else, is to produce a movement of contraction. If this movement, which in a healthy state is repeated a certain number of times in a certain period, becomes quicker, excitation changes its name, and becomes irritation, and a malady. Simple irritation differs from inflammation in that the latter particularly affects the cellular systems and the blood-vessels, and leads to a train of disorders which irritation alone never produces.

Liberal Donation.—Messrs. Edward B. Delavan and John T. Norton have presented the Albany Institute with the collection of the late Governor Clinton in natural history and science generally, amounting to upwards of 1100 specimens.—*Baltimore Journal*.

French Wines.—It appears by some recent investigations, that the vine is cultivated in France in seventy-eight departments, occupying an extent of 1,736,056 hectares, of which the average annual produce is 35,075,689 hectolitres, being of the value of 540,389,298 francs. The average price of the hectolitre is therefore fifteen francs forty centimes, or thirteen centimes the common bottle. This is the original price; but it is nearly doubled, by the expense of carriage, the indirect imports, the *droits d'octroi*, and the profits of trade. Still, the exceeding smallness of this average price shews that the quantity of good wine is very small, as compared with the quantity of bad. However, its selling price has less to do with its quality than with the facility of its conveyance in the vicinity of a great consumption.

Adulation.—Perhaps one of the finest specimens of base and impious servility on record, is the speech which, it is stated in Bertrand's History of Boulogne-sur-Mer, was made by the prefect of the Pas-de-Calais to Napoleon, at the period when the latter was projecting the invasion of England, and had collected all kinds of materials for the attempt: viz., "God created Buonaparte, and then rested himself!"

Modesty.—At a late sitting of the Académie des Beaux Arts, M. Quatremère de Quincy, the perpetual secretary, read an historical notice of the life and works of Baron Lemot, the sculptor. According to M. Quatremère, this artist manifested a rare modesty in seeking and obtaining the rank of baron; for it was an avowal, that his statues were not, in his opinion, worthy of ennobling his name; and that his glory would otherwise have perished! Was this panegyric or censure?

Envy.—In a Polish fable entitled "the Miser and the Envious Man," the latter is represented as obtaining from the gods the favour of being allowed to lose one eye, in order that he may, at the same time, deprive the former of the only eye he had left!

Diderot.—This celebrated philosopher was frequently the dupe of his ardent benevolence. On one occasion he, by painful exertions, obtained some favour for a young man of the name of Rivière, whose countenance and eloquence had interested him. Rivière called to thank him. When he was going away, and they were on the staircase together, he stopped Diderot, and said to him,—"Monsieur Diderot, are you acquainted with natural history?"

"But little; I know a cabbage from a lettuce, and a pigeon from a sparrow." "Are you acquainted with the history of the *formica-leo*?" "No." "He is a small and very industrious insect. He digs a hole in the ground, of the shape of a funnel, and covers the surface with fine light sand. When a foolish insect allows itself to fall into this hole, he seizes it, sucks it, and then says to it,—"Monsieur Diderot, I have the honour to wish you good morning."

Characteristic Anecdote.—When Dr. Ehrenberg (the Prussian traveller) was in Egypt, he said to a peasant, "I suppose you are quite happy now; the country looks like a garden, and every village has its minaret." "God is great!" replied the peasant; "our master gives with one hand, and takes with two."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A work has recently been published in Paris on the Animal Organic Remains discovered in some of the Caves of Lunel-Viel. In one of them there were the bones of thirty-three species of carnivorous, ruminating, and other animals. In another a great quantity of bones of the hyena were discovered. These appear to have belonged to three distinct species; of the first, which is classed as the *hyena spelæa*, abundant specimens had already been found in different caves in France, Germany, and England. Another is the *hyena fubia*, or striped hyena; and the third belongs to the class called *hyena intermedia*, from its partaking of the character of the two others. The conclusion of the authors of this work, as to the cause of the bones of the hyena being found with those of other animals, differs essentially from the received opinions on the subject. They attribute the collection to a deposit of *diluvium*; but they at the same time admit, that many of the bones of other animals found with those of the hyena, bear marks of the teeth of that ferocious animal. A Report on this subject was made to the Academy of Sciences on the 13th inst. by M. Cuvier; and as it possesses much interest, we may probably give a fuller account of it in another No.

A new journal, a sort of Old Bailey record, is now published daily in Germany. It is a report of all the criminal trials in Germany, and of criminal proceedings of interest in other countries. From the ease with which this sheet is filled, and the apologies made by the editors for omitting some articles, we fear that Germany has not to boast of much more morality than other countries.

The Gazette des Tribunaux contains a long, but rather interesting, account of the dissensions which have taken place in the University of Heidelberg, in Germany. It appears, that after several fruitless conferences with the authorities, the discontented students, to the number of 800, formed themselves into a kind of camp at Frankenthal, where they pronounced an anathema against all who should remain in or enter themselves at Heidelberg. In consequence of this proceeding, nearly all the law students who were at that place have quitted it, and spread themselves in different universities.

The new edition of Sir Henry Stewart's Planter's Guide is announced to be ready for publication early in November.

In the Press.—A New Year's Eve, and other Poems, by Bernard Barton.—A new edition, with engravings by Edward Finden, of the Annals of the Poor, by the late Rev. Leigh Richmond.—The Interpositions of Divine Providence, selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures, by Joseph Fincher, Esq.—Typical Instruction considered and illustrated, by John Peers, A.M.—Essays on the Universal Analogy between the Natural and the Spiritual World, by the Author of "Meditations of a Deist."

A new edition of Sermons, chiefly Practical, preached in the Parish Church of Clapham, Surrey, by the Rev. William Deslry.—A new edition of a Tribute of Sympathy, addressed to Mourners, by W. Newnam, Esq.—The Trials of Life, a Novel, by the Author of "De Lisle, or the Sensitive Man."—The Second Series of the Romance of History, to comprise tales founded on facts, and illustrative of the romantic annals of France, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. inclusive.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hooper's Anatomy of the Brain, second edition, Imperial 4to. 2s. 12s. 6d. bds.—Crutwell's Housekeeper, 1829, 4to. 2s. sewed.—Miles's Essay on Corns, 4to. 10s. 6d. bds.—Nollekens and his Times, by J. T. Smith, 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 8s. bds.—Maugham's Laws of Literary Property, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City, 4 vols. post 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.—Life of James Wodrow, by his Son, 12mo. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 23	From 56. to 49.	29.67 to 29.89
Friday ... 24	— 30. — 50.	30.00 — 30.10
Saturday ... 25	— 33. — 52.	30.10 — 30.21
Sunday ... 26	— 31. — 53.	30.22 — 30.16
Monday ... 27	— 46. —	30.11 — 30.09
Tuesday ... 28	— 33. — 53.	30.32 — 30.35
Wednesday 29	— 33. — 53.	30.38 — 30.39

Wind variable, prevailing N.E. and S.W.
Generally clear, except the 23d and 26th, when it was raining.

Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude ... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude ... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor, &c.
DR. O'CONNOR.

SIR,—Having seen in the *Literary Gazette* of last week a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Dr. O'Connor, I beg leave to set you right on some important facts in which you appear to have been led astray in your opinions and information respecting Doctor O'Connor.

You have stated that some of his writings, viz. "The Letters of Columbanus ad Hibernos," incurred the censure of the Pope, and that, in consequence, Dr. O'Connor had been suspended from his clerical functions, which circumstance preyed on his mind. Now the fact is, that from the year 1810, when the Letters of Columbanus were published, up to the period of Dr. O'Connor's death, in July last, no censure was ever passed by the court of Rome on Dr. O'Connor, who had at all times appealed to the decision of the holy see against the calumnies and the persecution instituted against him by some of the Catholic bishops in England and Ireland.

The court of Rome and the cardinals never decided against Dr. O'Connor; and their authority could alone have induced him to change those liberal principles which he maintained with so much talent, and which were so obnoxious to the spirit of bigotry.

In 1812, if the advice of Dr. O'Connor had been attended to, such terms might have been made with the pope as would have secured the nomination of bishops by dean and chapter in Ireland, subjected to the approval of the king. In other words, the veto would have been conceded; and the writings of Dr. O'Connor prove, that such a security against the foreign influence of continental powers is not incompatible with the tenets of Catholics.

A devoted love of his country, and a desire to see her miseries alleviated, were the motives which induced Dr. O'Connor to write the Letters of Columbanus. These Letters contain sound principles of Christian charity and conciliation. They are honourable to Dr. O'Connor's fame, and will always vindicate him against the charge of having acquiesced in submission to ignorant and clownish servility or superstition, rather than to that pure religion which St. Augustine preached, and which Fenelon adorned. In the tribute you pay to the genius and talents of Dr. O'Connor as a writer, and author of the *Rerum Hibernicarum*, you do but justice to his merits. If that work shall ever be translated into English, it will become deservedly popular. The labour attending its completion was the origin of that illness which ultimately caused Dr. O'Connor's death, and deprived society of one of the most amiable men whom piety and charity combined to render worthy of the esteem of all sects and persuasions.

A knowledge of his pursuits, and veneration of his genius, arising from an intimacy with him for twenty years (my father being his brother-in-law), have made me feel an interest in all that concerns his name, and particularly in his claims to having always been the advocate of every measure which, without sacrifice of principle, could tend to benefit Ireland. I have the honour to be your humble servant,
J. B. SHELL, M.D.

34, St. James's Street, October 16, 1828.

We cannot answer J. W. without seeing the paper. To the critique from Aberdeen, our reply is, that we never insert anonymous Reviews, nor any upon works not in our possession, to satisfy ourselves of the justice of what goes to the public under our authority. Can we like, but we must wait, if he pleases.
ERRATA.—Page 681, column 2, lines 53 and 54, for "abrogation" read "abnegation."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXLV. for November.

Contents.—I. The Duellists. A Tale of the "Thirty Years' War"—II. Ireland as it is, Chap. 3 and 4.—III. The Good Manne of Allowa. Made by Mr. Hoggue.—V. Shakespeare, a Tory, and a Gentleman.—VI. On the Character of Hamlet.—VII. Recollections of a Poor Proscribed Animal. Written by Himself.—VIII. Tasse's Coronation. By F. H.—IX. The Shaving Shop.—X. Notes on the United States of America.—XI. The Voice of the Wind. By F. H.—XII. Noctes Ambrosianae, No. XXXIX.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. IV. Black, Young, and Young, 9, Tavistock Street; Bossange, Barthes, and Lowell, Great Marlborough Street.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXXVI. was published on Tuesday.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE for Nov. price Half-a-Crown, contains the following Articles.—I. Col. Roche Fermoy on the Moral and Physical Force of Ireland.—II. Dr. Burrows on Insanity.—III. A Tale of the Tyranny.—IV. Welsh Jurisprudence.—V. Horn Hispanica. No. 1: the Maid of Covadonga.—VI. The Police of London.—VII. Mid-night: a Sonnet.—VIII. Affairs in general.—Reviews of Cuivier's Animal Kingdom.—The Annals for 1830, &c. &c.—Literary and Scientific Varieties.—Works published and in preparation.—Obituary of eminent Persons.—Theatres.—Monthly Reports.—Provincial Intelligence, &c. &c.

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